

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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ADIE, THE ORPHAN;

OR,

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

CHAPTER V.—THE OAK-CLOSET.

IN that large room where Nicholas Drew always worked there was a closet, lighted by a very small window that looked, not into Nevil's Court, but into an old-fashioned luxuriant garden which lay behind the ancient bishop's palace. This closet was shut in by two elaborately-carved doors of black oak, further ornamented by tarnished brass knobs. Adie had never seen more of the interior of this closet than that it contained a rude table and chair, and a cabinet of great antiquity; the window was darkened with a veil of smoke and dust as impervious to sunshine as the thickest curtain, and a general air of gloomy mystery pervaded the whole aspect of it. Nicholas rarely entered it; and when he did so, he remained shut up there for hours, and always came out saddened and depressed, as if he had been keeping a solemn vigil, or airing painful remembrances, or perhaps experiencing some renewed agony of remorse. Adie regarded it as a haunted place, and had no curiosity to spy into its secrets; not so Martha. She had a burning desire to know what was hidden behind those closed doors; for she did not give heed to the popular idea that Nicholas Drew was a miser, and kept his money in an iron chest. She believed rather that he laid his treasure up where it would accumulate at compound interest until his day of doom; and in that, doubtless, Martha was right. Oh the evening of the day of Laurence Royston's first visit, her master was shut up in the closet a couple of hours, while Adie, alone in the room, had much ado to keep herself out of mischief. Martha went in and out several times on various pretences; but Adie, who was singing by the doorway, and watching the children at play in the court below, paid no attention to her black gliding figure.

At last, towards sunset, the old man came out from his retreat, and would have resumed his work, but the girl asked him to take a walk with her. He acceded readily, and they went together to the river side. This was a favorite resort for the townsfolk after the day's business was over; for they soon escaped from the dust and heat of the city into rural shades and sweet smelling meadows. There were consequently many people abroad, enjoying the cool of the evening and the pleasant sounds of country places. Marsh, the printseller in the Barbican, with his hat set very far back upon his head, met them, and turned to have a chat with Nicholas. It was not possible that Adie should be insensible to the many eyes that looked and looked again at the lovely face under her broad coquettish straw hat; it was a familiar face to most people who took their pleasure at this

time of day, but custom stole nothing from its beauty. Marsh himself, though generally chary of his words, always had some pretty compliment at her service, which, it is to be feared, the maiden did not appreciate at the same value it would have had if issued from younger lips, or concocted beneath a less scant and hoary pate; for she only favored him with short replies, and pouted scornfully when he called her Rosebud, May-dew, and the like. They also encountered St. Barbe, still obtrusively polite, but looking a solitary, old, well-to-do man; for death had disencumbered him of his wife and family. He always told Nicholas that now he envied him the possession of Adie. "And who," he would add—"who could foresee that of all his children not one would be left to him?" The Frenchman spoke, and passed on, but looked back often at the tall lithe figure quietly pacing along with Nicholas; he had been over-prudent certainly, or she might have been his companion instead, he thought. It was a calm, almost breathless, evening, but now the sun was gone the air



"WHILE HE WAS THUS SPEAKING HIS WILD SUPPRESSED PASSION BROKE BOUNDS, AND PRESSING ON THE OLD MAN, HE TOOK A PISTOL FROM HIS BREAST AND SHOT HIM DEAD."

was cool; a few red bars crossed the west, supported by broad masses of purple cloud; the low meadows by the river-side had just been mown, and the fresh hay gave out its pleasant, healthy scent. Many persons, young men especially, were resting on the ground where it lay, some smoking, some talking, others enjoying the luxury of perfect idleness. Amongst the last Adie was the first to descry Laurence Royston. He sat apart from the rest, with a great shaggy water-dog coiled up on the grass beside him. The animal had been in the river, and had run past Adie some time since, bestowing on her dress a plentiful sprinkling in his transit. Laurence Royston had seen this; and as Adie, with Nicholas Drew and the printseller, approached, he rose and offered an apology for his companion's misconduct. The next and most natural thing to do was to join their party, and, walking beside Adie, to talk to her of the beauty of the evening, and the still loveliness of the twilight prospect—at least he appeared to think so, for this was what he did.

"When the moon rises it is more beautiful still," remarked Adie, looking towards the city, that is, towards the Minster.

"I do not like moonlight, it is so chilling, so pale; I have an antipathy to moonlight," said Royston quickly. Adie seemed surprised.

"You are going to ask me whence rises my antipathy. Well, I cannot tell you," added he; "it is one of those indescribable feelings which afflict some people to the utter bewilderment of everybody else. They reiterate their why, when, if they would only take the trouble to look at home, they would remember, that they have themselves some dislike or loathing equally unreasonable."

Adie smiled, and a half blush suffused her cheek, though it was becoming almost too dusk to see it; for she recollected some very strong but groundless enmities of her own.

"Have you balanced the account in your mind, and freed me from your first sentence of bad taste or foolishness?" asked Royston quietly.

Instead of replying, Adie started a little to one side, then walked on rapidly in advance. Laurence Royston paused to see what had caused this movement, and observed a great toad crawling heavily under the hedge. He came quickly up to her again, when she turned, and said,

"Those cold-blooded creeping things make me thrill; I cannot bear them."

"Yet they are harmless; and the moonlight makes me thrill too. I always exclude it from my rooms. If it shines upon my face when I am sleeping, I have bad dreams. My adversary, in the picture you wot of, tempts me with some splendid prize to do evil deeds; or I am falling, falling, always falling over a precipice; or on water churned into white foam with fury, and only a plank between me and



"ADIE STOOD PETRIFIED WITH HORROR; MARTHA ADVANCED AND SPOOPED OVER THE OLD MAN—'HE WAS MURDERED!'"

death; or I am destroying what I most love, and cursing myself as I do it."

The two, who had outwalked Nicholas and the printdealer, were now summoned to return; and they all four sauntered slowly in company towards the city. Long before they reached it the moon was up, and the water rippled all white in its cold light, while the clouds and the ruins of St. Servin's Abbey, and the Minster towers beyond, high up in the clear atmosphere, looked larger and ghostlier in its shimmering radiance. The young stranger had been silent for some minutes, when Adie asked archly if the Tempter were discoursing with him then.

"No; I was holding a parley with my better angel," was the reply. "He has not forsaken me quite; he is glad to find me in such good company."

Adie spoke no more after that until they stopped by the Minster-gates to say good night to Marsh, who parted from them there. She then asked if he should go back to his lodging at Crossley by the fields. No, he answered, he had decided to remain in the town, and had found other rooms more convenient for his business than those so far off. Nicholas overhearing this, invited him to return and sup with them, as, being a stranger, he could not yet have many friends. Royston acceded; and they crossed the Minster yard as the great clock struck ten. The court was extremely hushed when they entered it, for all the early work-people were quiet in their rooms. Coming from the dark College Lane, it seemed quite light, almost as if snow lay on the flags and steps. They stopped a few minutes to notice the fine effect of the quaintly ornamented house in the moon-shine, and then mounted the stairway one by one. Martha admitted them in her taciturn, down-looking, yet observant way. She had been on the watch for her master's return some time, and hearing Royston's voice down in the court, had hastened to open the door, while she knitted a few more loops of the web. An oil lamp burnt on the table in the centre of the room, but it scarcely threw out light enough to fill its dusky corners; for it was a spacious apartment, and had many little niches and recesses. Through the uncurtained windows the slanting moonbeams streamed down on the ledges and floor, but faded as they came within the circle of the lamp. The further side of the room, where the oak closet was, and the disused door which opened upon the common staircase of the house, lay all in shadow, except when one of the metal knobs on the panels twinkled like an inquisitive eye in the gloom. In taking his seat, Royston faced this part of the room; and some inconsequential remark of his led Nicholas to say there was no egress by that way, for he had bolted the door up so many years ago that rust must long since have riveted it fast.

"There is a long passage just outside, which the people say is haunted," observed Adie, smiling. "It is haunted by footsteps; nothing is to be seen."

"I should imagine not," replied Royston, with a curious laugh. "But pray what sort of footsteps are they—light and tripping, or with the orthodox tramp, tramp? I confess that it has always puzzled me why a ghost should have such solidity of step, when it is but an airy nothing. Describe this hapless soul's march; I should like to hear it, never having been so favored."

"It is very slow and solemn, as of a person walking while he meditates, quite regular and never pausing. It only comes occasionally, in the dead of winter-nights; at no other time. Mrs. Parkes has heard it, but I never have; Grizzie has too."

"Yes, I have heard strange sounds in this old house," added Nicholas gravely; for his mind was deeply tinged with superstition, and he did not like to hear these mysterious matters lightly spoken of. "I believe that was the real reason why I closed up the door, though I tried to persuade myself at the time it was because of the children's noise and rudeness."

"And what is the second door, the double one—does that also open on the corridor?" asked Royston.

"O, no; that is the closet where Grizzie keeps his treasures!" cried Adie, laughing; "even I have never been in there. It is the ghost's quarters, perhaps. Grizzie, what is the legend of the footsteps; do you know?"

The old engraver appeared somewhat annoyed at her abruptness. "In that closet there is nothing that you or any one else would style treasures," said he; "but the footsteps appear to issue from it. The story goes that two brothers lived here formerly, who had united in the commission of a murder—the murder of a priest. The elder, to save himself, when the chase was hot after them, denounced his brother as the sole culprit, and betrayed where he might be taken, namely, in that oak-closet; where, after the commission of the crime, he had hidden himself with his remorse. He himself paced the corridor, waiting for the people who were coming to seize his brother. The younger suffered death, and the elder walks there still, and will walk, probably, so long as Nevil's Court remains."

Laurence Royston smiled at the old man's credulity. "I have small faith in such legends myself," said he; "but they assort well with the gloom and antiquity of these middle-age abodes. Indeed, they would scarcely be complete without their ghost. I should like to see the inside of that oak-closet."

Adie expected to hear Nicholas refuse; but instead, he bade Royston bring the lamp, and he should be gratified. The doors being unlocked and thrown open, they all three stood within. The atmosphere was heated and airless; dust lay everywhere thickly, except on the old table and chair where the engraver had probably sat during the time he was shut up there in the evening. Spiders' webs festooned even the frames of these, and were woven in every available nook.

A mark as of fingers over the lock of the ancient cabinet attracted Royston's notice. "This is a fine piece of old workmanship; I never saw anything of the kind richer or more elaborate," he observed. "Does the interior correspond in beauty with the outside?"

"Yes; the drawers are inlaid with ivory," replied Nicholas, but he made no further movement to gratify his guest's curiosity.

"It is a remarkable-looking cabinet," said Royston, lingering before it still.

"You are right; it belonged to those miserable brothers, and contained proofs of their guilt when the one was taken. The footsteps start from it, and go down the corridor and back again."

"O, Grizzie, and do you keep your treasures in this wicked old cabinet?" asked Adie, half alarmed yet half laughing. "You will find them changed into withered leaves and gray dust some day."

"They are no better than dust now," replied Nicholas. "Come out, you have seen enough."

Royston was standing at the window, from which he had contrived to rub a little of the accumulated dirt. He saw that it looked upon a garden, and asked whose it was, and if Adie ever walked there.

"No; it belongs to the people who live in the old palace," said she, passing from the closet into the room.

Nicholas had to stand two or three minutes before his guest followed her, and then the door was reclosed and locked. As he was returning the key to his pocket, Royston asked to look at it. It was a very curious, heavy, rude implement, eaten with rust in round spots, as if blood had fallen upon it.

"It is strong enough to keep out a legion of ghosts," said he, weighing it in his hand. "They do not make keys like this now-a-days; it seems as if it had been formed to lock in d-d-ly secrets on which hung men's lives. I can imagine many a plot having been hatched behind those ancient doors, while this key was tightly held in nervous fingers; but it tells no tales."

As he spoke the Minster clock struck eleven, and Martha entered to bolt the door for the night. Seeing Royston still there, she would have retired, but her master bade her stop. "You must go now," he added, addressing the young man. "We keep early hours in the court. Go gently." Royston descended the creaking steps, and paused at the last to repeat his "Good night," which Adie echoed pleasantly as she stood at the doorway with Nicholas.

"Beware the fiend!" cried she, as he walked towards the gateway. "Say your prayers as you cross the Minster gardens; it is broad moonlight still." He turned round, laughing, and promised to obey; then disappeared under the shadow of the arch.

CHAPTER VI.—THE GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS.

ON every succeeding day throughout the months that followed this first visit Laurence Royston was constant in his attendance on Nicholas Drew. He worked with diligence and success, notwithstanding the bright eyes that often overlooked him; and the old engraver was pleased and satisfied with his pupil. He was enthusi-

astic himself, and he thought Royston, under his cold cynicism, had sparks of the genial fire too. His coming also gratified Adie; for she liked change and variety, of which there was ordinarily but but little in Nevil's Court.

It was not strange that after a while she grew to like him, because his manner towards her was impregnated with the subtlest flattery. He differed essentially from every one she knew, in his quiet ways of winning into and answering her unuttered thoughts. He made his mind, as it were, chime responsive to hers; he studied her face until he understood her feeling ere she could express it; he observed her tastes and distastes, her little whims, weaknesses, and vanities, and played upon them with a master-hand, until he could wind and turn her any way he would, and all this without having committed himself by a single word. He went through it like a game of skill, in which the most astute must win; while she blushed, and was angry and astonished at herself in secret to see how much she was giving for nothing—unasked, possibly undesired. She could not lay the soothing unction to her heart that Laurence Royston so much as liked her; for if he were kind, almost tender, one day, he would be cynical and careless the next; if his eyes dwelt on her caressingly one moment, the next there came over them that flickering sinister light as of a cruel thought shining through.

Nicholas, as they learnt to know each other better, began to regard him with less favor; why was not apparent; he distrusted him, probably. One dark November night, Adie happened to be left alone in the room at Nevil's Court; Nicholas had gone out reluctantly on business, and Martha had been absent a few days in the country, where she was supposed to have gone to nurse her aged mother. The girl sat idly by the crackling wood-fire, twirling in her fingers the shrivelled relics of the wild white rose, which she had fetched from its hiding-place to keep her thoughts company. In her eyes there was a deeper, stiller expression than formerly, and a less frequent smile on her lips also; but the rich glow of her southern beauty had not lost a single tint. Her heart was restless, but not sorrowing.

Laurence Royston had been there in the morning, in his pleasant mood; and as Adie sat alone by the fire, she was thinking within herself how dull they should be when he was gone away. She, at least, not Nicholas; for he had said that day, with a vehement expression quite unusual to him when Royston had left, "Adie, I do not like that man; I have been deceived in him;" and she had turned away, with a slightly angry flush darkening her brow. If the old man had struck her, it would have pained her less than hearing him speak thus. For the first time in her life, she felt resentful against poor Nicholas—felt as if he had injured her; and she let him go out before her passion cooled. She was brooding over it now, when a sound caused her to raise her face and listen intently. In the corridor outside the wall, there went slow, distinct, measured steps; she could have counted them. Her cheeks blanched, and all the blood rushed back violently to her heart; but she kept her place within the broad light which the fire threw out upon the floor. The steps advanced and receded thrice, and died into indistinctness far beyond the room. Adie's angry thoughts had been put to flight by this; she longed excessively for Nicholas's return. A few minutes after, her heart gave a throb of relief, for she heard some person mounting by the outside stairway. She rushed to the door, and opened it in haste, to admit, not the engraver, but Laurence Royston.

"There is nobody at home but myself," said she, in confusion at his sudden and unexpected appearance. "Grizzie has gone down into the Barbican."

She stood holding the latch in her hand, expecting him to depart; but he advanced into the room and lifted his hat from his head, saying:

"It is a wet night, Adie; give me an hour's shelter. Will he soon be back again?"

"Yes; he promised to hasten as I was alone," she replied; and she shut the door, for the wind blew in coldly and strongly.

Royston stood by the fire, resting his arm upon the mantel-shelf; Adie sat down in her old place, secretly wishing that the visit had been better timed, and feeling an inward conviction that Nicholas would be displeased to find his pupil there at his return.

"What is the matter, Adie?" asked Royston, gently. "You look as if you had seen a ghost; such wild eyes and pale cheeks!"

"I have heard the footsteps to-night," replied she, looking up in his face. "I was wishing so much that Grizzie would come back when you arrived. I dare not be left alone again in the house."

"Silly Adie! I thought you had more courage than to tremble at a sound. What harm can those footsteps do you?"

"They make me nearly sick with fear; I should go mad if I heard them often; they make my blood cold in my veins; I cannot describe it. If you had not come, I should have gone down to Mrs. Parkes and Job until Grizzie came home."

"Now that I am here, Adie, let me speak to you: I have a word for your ear alone. Will you listen to me, Adie?" Her color came and went rapidly, for there was a passionate tenderness in his voice that she could not misunderstand; but an instinct of maidenly reserve whispered that he ought not to have sought her clandestinely, and stilled the rush of joy to her heart. She drew away her hand which he had taken, quietly and with a certain coldness, but she could not shroud the lustre in her eyes that belied the repulse.

"Adie," he repeated, earnestly, "Adie, have you never seen my love for you? Is my dear hope to fail?" That strange voice of his had a truthful ring in it now he had left acting. A quick change passed over the girl's face; she put up her hand to shed back the long hair from her brow, and looked at him—openly, honestly, questioningly. Some doubt of him must have crossed her mind then, for he drew back before her glance which expressed it. "Adie, if I tried you, it was but to spare myself pain; I could not make my heart a football for a girl's caprice," he said, deprecatingly. "I did not know you until lately, and since then you have been all my thought. Forgive me, Adie, forgive me; at least if you deny my love."

A thrill ran through Adie's frame as if a cold wind had breathed upon her, that quick convulsive shiver which is said to creep along the nerves when some step passes over the spot where our grave is to be made. She remembered Nicholas's few stern words that morning, and an indefinite sensation of fear, pain, and longing stole into her heart. He saw the wavering, and was swift to turn to account. Warm loving words, passionate vows, fell softly, dreamily, into the porches of her ears, and passed on to the responsive heart-chords, making them all musical with delight; the rosy blush deepened, the lustrous gleaming eyes grew humid, and her lips quivered into a confession.

"Then, Adie, you are mine—mine!" cried Royston, exultant; "you will not let any one separate us. I love you better than my life, and you must give me the same love; if you love me best of all, you will leave all for me." Adie remembered poor Nicholas's kindnesses; and her conscience, yet uncalloused, reproached her for deceiving him. "Do you regret already?" said Royston; "do you fear I cannot hold my own? Keep our secret until I bid you speak, and all will be well; promise me this." Adie promised. "I shall come to-morrow. Now I will leave you, lest Nicholas should return. You are not afraid of the footsteps now, are you?"

"O, no," she replied, smiling. But he lingered still, there were so many warm assurances and farewells to make, so many warnings to give; but at last he was gone, and Adie sat down again by the fire alone. Her mind was in a whirl, she saw nothing clearly; one sensation only was distinct, and that was painful—she had given her word to deceive poor old Nicholas—confiding, honest, old Nicholas; that was bad; it was wicked. She felt less happy than before Laurence Royston had said he loved her; what she had coveted so earnestly had brought the first dark stain upon her conscience. She tried to thrust the obtrusive self-reproach aside, but it refused to be banished. While she was thus at war with her better genius, the engraver came in. He had ascended the steps unheard, and appeared before her so unexpectedly, that she started and uttered a cry of alarm; which she explained by saying that she had heard the footsteps in the corridor soon after he had left her, and that since every slight noise made her tremble.

"The footsteps?" repeated Nicholas, in a troubled tone. "Yes; they came and went three times between the closet and the stairs, and then ceased," said Adie.

The old man stood before the fire in his wet tartan, gazing sadly into the red caverns of the embers. "They have begun early this winter," he remarked. "What is it they forebode?"

"Do you take them for an evil prophecy, Grizzie?" the girl asked, going to him affectionately, and disencumbering him of his drenched cloak and hat.

"Yes, child, they have always proved such; but perhaps it may not be to you or me, but to others in the house. Listen!" The regular echoing tramp came up the corridor again. Adie trembled, as she clung to the old man's arm; the steps came nearer and nearer—threatening, angry steps they were. They traversed the length of the corridor several times, and then all was again still; Adie could hear the beating of her own heart in the hush that followed. Nicholas passed his hand gently over her head, which rested against his breast, saying, "God shield thee from harm, child!"

At that moment an impulse came strongly upon her to tell Nicholas what had passed during his absence; but a thought of Royston checked the confession on her tongue—might he not be displeased with her?—so she held her peace, and withdrew herself from the kind arm which had been so long her protection. She went to the window, and looked out into the dense, blown, wintry night; there was a faint reflection on the wet pavement of the court from some fire in a room below, and her eye fixed on the glistening pools. It was not possible she could have been deceived, but she half doubted the evidence of her senses, when the figure of Laurence Royston emerged stealthily from the open doorway of the house, and darkening the light for a moment, passed out at the arch into College lane.

She made no remark, but returned to the hearth; Nicholas was unlocking the doors of the oak-closet. He went in alone, leaving them ajar, and presently called to her: "Adie, did you or Laurence Royston observe where the cabinet stood last summer?" he asked. "I have not been in here since I showed it to you both, and it seems to me that it has been thrust from the wall; it certainly stood close to it formerly."

The girl could not remember, but she went in and looked. "I did not notice that there was a door behind it, Grizzie, so it must have been moved, or I should certainly have seen it," said she. "Is the door locked up?"

He shook it strongly, and replied, "Yes, it is fast; but the fastenings are without. The bolts are gone from the staples inside, and there is no key, unless the one that belongs to the outer door opens this also."

He fetched it and tried, but it turned in the wards without unlocking it. He made Adie repeat her description of the footsteps, and questioned her particularly as to whether she had heard any other noise, to which she replied that she had not.

"I will look further into the matter to-morrow," said the engraver, seriously. "We have little to lose, it is true; but evil-disposed persons have been known to make use of such legends as attach to this house in Nevil's Court for bad purposes. It is well to be on our guard. The cabinet has been moved from without; something has been introduced through the wide crevice between the door and the wall, and so it has been pushed forward."

That night both Nicholas and Adie lay long awake; the one listening for the footsteps, the other revolving the evening's occurrences with alternate thrills of joy and pain; but no sound disturbed the stillness, except the loud Minster clock and the gusts of sighing winter wind. The following morning Nicholas rose early, long before Adie was awake, and went down into the court, and thence by the common stair into the corridor. He carried with him a lantern, and narrowly examined the floor, which in the thick dust showed traces of feet backwards and forwards. This circumstance convinced him that some actual person had occasioned the previous night's alarm, and that it was not the ghostly visitant Adie had heard. He tried the door of the closet, but could not stir it; and then returned to his room, where he applied himself as quietly as possible to undoing the closed-up entrance from it to the corridor. This was a work both of time and difficulty, and it was still undone, when he heard Adie moving in her room; he immediately desisted, and lest she should be troubled by needless alarms, he made everything look as much like what it did before as possible. After breakfast he fetched a blacksmith, and had the cabinet secured to the wall of the closet by several strong staples; it then completely covered the door, and made an entrance by that means next to an impossibility.

Royston came while the man was at work, and expressed his approval of Nicholas's precautions; he afterwards examined the corridor with him, and suggested that at the door into it should be opened, that the nocturnal visitant might be detected. The engraver privately told him what he was doing, but said Adie must not know, or she would be in a constant tremor and excitement. Laurence promised to repeat nothing.

After that day the engraver never left Adie alone in the house; Martha returned; and the weeks crept on until nearly Christmas. The footsteps were heard no more, and the first impression of alarm died away; Nicholas even began to talk of once more closing up the door, because it admitted draughts; but the doing of it was deferred from day to day, until it was forgotten again. But one black moonless night, as the engraver lay awake, he heard a sound passing by the wainscot that caused him to start up in haste. It was of a stealthy, naked foot, and a hand drawn along by the wall as if feeling the way. He passed into the large room, and succeeded in opening the door noiselessly; but when he flashed his light into the corridor, it was silent and empty, only a rush of wind sweeping up it extinguished his candle. He went no more to bed, but sat listening and expectant; but the visitant, whether of flesh and blood, or of shadow and spirit, came not again.

This time he did not think fit to speak of what he had heard to any one. However, Martha, whom nothing escaped, had been startled by the same noise, and had moreover seen with wonder a figure that she well knew steal across the court shortly after. In the winter nights a lighted oil-lamp hung inside the gateway of the court. Now possibly that secret visitant had not calculated that there were such wakeful eyes and such industrious thoughts upon his track as Martha's discovery entailed. Her web, which had hitherto run tolerably straight, was all at once thrown into inextricable entanglement.

CHAPTER VII.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS EVE came; a loud blustery day, with a light covering of snow upon the ground, and clouds heavy with storms in the sky. Laurence Royston had left Eversley for a few days, saying that he intended to spend the festive season with some relatives at a distance. Adie was sorrowful during his absence; for she had still to bear the burden of her secret and to deceive old Nicholas. Her treachery weighed on her heart; but though she had entreated Royston to let her tell him, he had always put her off, saying that such a confession would lead to their instant separation; for the engraver was resolute in his way, and had evidently conceived a strong distaste for his pupil's character. Since they had become better acquainted, Royston had let fall much of his disguise, and had frequently given utterance to hard, selfish, worldly principles that had revolted the good old man; and detecting, in spite of their guarded manner, that he and Adie were on closer terms than they wished to appear, Nicholas had pressed forward his instructions, that there might be no reason for the young man's remaining in the town. But what most deeply grieved him was that Adie should have withheld her confidence from him. He turned it over in his mind, and could not remember that he had ever given her a harsh word that should make her fear him; and yet from her tone, and from her anxious air and watchfulness, he knew she was keeping something from his knowledge. Besides, coming suddenly from the inner room one day into that where he had left them together, he saw Royston leaning over the girl's chair, winding her long dark tresses round his fingers and whispering to her softly; he even bent over her, and kissed her without resistance. At first Nicholas thought he would charge her with her deception; but remembering her passionate resentment when thwarted, he put it off, hoping that she would soon, of her own accord, tell him all.

But he spoke to Royston in plain terms, telling him that his visits in Nevil's Court must be discontinued, and that he had done a vile wrong in poisoning the girl's mind against her protector so that she had learnt to deceive him. High and angry words were exchanged between the two men; but neither of them chose to make Adie a party to the dispute. Royston doubted not that he should succeed with her whenever he chose to bring the matter to an issue, since her love for him had already undermined old feelings of affection and gratitude; and Nicholas hoped that the girl's own eyes would be opened by and by to the real character of her lover. Things were in this position when Royston left Eversley, just before Christmas. Perhaps Martha alone had a complete view of all that passed, for her watch never relaxed.

It was after dinner on Christmas Eve that Nicholas and Adie, sitting by the fire, both of them unoccupied, first felt how wide the gulf that lay between them had become. The unnatural restraint galled both, but neither could or would break it down. The old man

was silent and mournful; Adie's thoughts yearned to comfort him; she longed to put her arms about Grizzie's neck, and to pull his beard, and hear him call her pet names as he used to do; but one remembrance of the absent Royston tied her down to her chair. At length some allusion recalled the Christmas Eve long ago, when the engraver had taken the little child from the winter night into the shelter of his poor but warm hearth. Could that tall beautiful girl be the small helpless frozen thing that might have died in the snow unheeded but for him? and was this distance and estrangement to be the sole reward of his charity? Perhaps in all his solitude the old man had never felt more desolate or more lonely than now, because the heart that he had striven so long to bind to himself was turned from him. He looked at her questioning when she was not observant; and saw that in her face which told him she was not happy, as she had been, or as she ought to be, and he experienced a feeling of intense wrath against Royston as its cause.

When the Minister bell began to ring for prayers, Adie rose wearily from her chair, and said she would go to the service. She did not ask for Nicholas's company as she used to do, but donned her bonnet and cloak, and went out alone. When she had went into College Lane her heart smote her with the reproach that this was not kind, and turning hastily back, she re-ascended the stairway to the room. The engraver had pushed back his chair, and sat with his arms on the table, and his face buried in them. Adie, with quick remorse, sprang towards him, crying, "O, Grizzie, Grizzie, don't be grieved with me; let me tell you all; let us be friends, as we were before Laurence Royston came to Eversley."

The old man lifted up his head, and held forth his arms; she nestled into them, and began to weep passionately on his breast. "Adie, child, why do you ever mistrust me?" said Nicholas. "Was I not always kind to you? Would I not have almost coined my flesh into gold to have purchased you a pleasure?" She only sobbed the more at the gentle rebuke of his tone. "Adie, you love this bad man—nay, do not leave me—you love him?" She did not answer, but wept on. "You should have suspected him when he tempted you to deceive me. Who but a bad treacherous man would have played his part? If he had come to me openly and honorably, I would have given you to him; but he must needs steal you away from your best friend. It was not honest, Adie; it was cruel and unjust; the act of a base creeping nature. He was never, in his best days, worthy of you, my child; how much less, then, now, when he is all sullied with his crooked ways through the world—calloused, faithless, and, though you may not see it, cruel too!"

Adie had withdrawn herself from his encircling arm, and stood aloof, still fearful, but indignant too.

"O, Grizzie, you do not know him!" she said, with passionate force. "He is kind and gentle; he has never spoken one hard word of you; he would have told you weeks since, but he knew you did not like him, and we dreaded that you would command us to part."

"Adie, it was an evil day that brought him over our threshold; you will live to rue it. O, my heart's darling, I would let you go to him this instant if I did not see such ominous shadows about his future. He is a wicked evil man, and he will drag you down with him. It would have been better to let you perish in the snow ten years ago than to give you to him now."

Adie stood silent; the glistening tears hung on her lashes, but ceased to fall; a bright spot hung on her cheek, but her passion cooled.

"Grizzie, will you hear him speak for himself?" she said tremulously; "I cannot plead our cause with you, for it makes my heart burn to hear such words against him from you. But you do not know him, or you would speak far otherwise."

"I will give him a fair hearing, my child. But do not let anything cause this cold shade between us to come back. Is this love of a few weeks to obliterate the memory of ten years, Adie?"

"No, Grizzie, no; I always wished you to know, and it was only because you were deceived that I was not perfectly happy," cried the girl warmly. "Let us be friends." Nicholas sighed, and fondly stroked the bright head that had again nestled against his breast; but he said no more about Laurence Royston.

The Minister bells had ceased for several minutes, when the old man reminded her whither she had been going. "Run away, my child; you will still be in time for the beautiful anthem," said he. She asked him to go with her; but he said no, the evening was very cold, and he should take so long wrapping up that the music would be over; and besides, he would rather sit by the fire until she came back. So she put her two arms round his neck, kissed him, and went to the door. There for a minute she hesitated, then turned back quickly to where Nicholas stood, and said, with glittering eyes, "Grizzie, have you quite, quite forgiven me my wickedness to you?"

"My darling, from my heart." He blessed her, and bade her go. For a few minutes after Adie had left him, Nicholas sat by the fire thinking of her pityingly and with great love, as one blinded and misguided by a most unhappy passion. He folded his hands, closed his eyes, and laid his head back wearily, but not despondently. "She will come to see him clearly soon; only give her time," said he to himself. Then he rose, and walked to and fro in the room, talking to himself, while his eyes took a softer gleam, and his brow looked less stern than usual. Perhaps he was praying for his darling, as he invoked help or comfort for them both. At last he lighted his lamp, and, entering the oak closet, unlocked the ancient cabinet, and proceeded to turn over the poor treasures it contained. Whilst thus occupied, he was startled by the sound of the opening door, and Laurence Royston's voice asking, "Are you at home, Nicholas Drew?"

The young man was already in the closet; but Nicholas motioning him back, they both retired to the fireside.

"I thought you were far away from this. What brings you here to-night, of all nights?" asked the engraver impatiently.

"My own restless spirit, Nicholas," was the reply. "Where is Adie? Gone to say her prayers?"

"Yes; she is at the Minister."

"I have walked far, and I have walked fast; for it was like living in hell, that horrible suspense," said Royston, with grim earnestness. "I must have another answer from you about Adie. Old man, your blood runs slow; you know not what love is." He warmed up his passion, and those restless fingers of his clasped and unclasped themselves, clutching at the air.

Nicholas looked him steadily in the face, in no wise intimidated by Laurence's violence. "I have nothing to add to what I said before," replied he.

This calmness seemed only the further to excite the young man.

"If I lose my soul for her I will have her," said he, in a deep suppressed tone, as if he were struggling to keep down a fierce gust of passion that was almost too strong for him. "You have hated me and suspected me for no cause but your own fancies; you have watched us, and divided us, and tried to turn her heart from me under a false specious guise of affection. You have acted treacherously by her—"

The old man, roused out of his habitual meekness, confronted his accuser with an indignant steady gaze. "It is you, you, Laurence Royston, who have played the traitor in this house! you, with lying words, have poisoned her whole heart. She has told me all; and, by the God above us, if gratitude and affection have any power remaining, your wife she will never be. Your evil influence has not done all its work; she will not forsake me; she will come to know you as you are. Go out of my sight! Adie shall never, with my will, see your wicked face again."

While he was thus speaking, Laurence, with his teeth set and lurid eyes burning, stood irresolute; but as Nicholas waved him towards the door, his wild suppressed passion broke bounds; and pressing on the old man, he took from his breast a pistol, which he had carried for his protection on the journey, and shot him dead. The moment the deed was done, he started as if the tempting and now triumphant devil had laughed in his ear; and stooping hastily down, he clutched the dabbled white hair in his gloved hand, and raising the ghastly face, saw that he had done his murderous work but too surely. For five hideous minutes he stood beside the corpse staring at it. O God, with what awful thoughts! Lifting his hat o wipe off the heavy beads of sweat from his face, his cheek was touched by the clammy glove; he could scarcely repress a shriek, and dragging it from his hand—that hand which could never lose its stain of blood-guiltiness—he flung it far from him on the floor. Presently came the idea of escape—immediate escape; and his mind, used to quick conception and prompt action, in an instant devised it simply and safely. He first secured the door into the court, and then, going into the closet, he flung about upon the floor the contents of the cabinet, to give the appearance of the old man's having met his end from robbers who, attracted to his dwelling by

the fabulous rumors of his wealth, had broken in upon him, and, meeting with resistance, had killed him for the sake of plunder. This done, he returned to his poor victim, and staid by him, biting his nails, and with his awful face darkened by fear, remorse and despair, for some time. Hearing a light step in the court which he knew well, he flung his arms wildly into the air, and opening the door into the disused and haunted corridor, he plunged into its darkness and made his escape, leaving his glove, that guilty witness, on the floor.

It was a cold misty twilight abroad, with heavy gusts of wind driving round corners, and sweeping the snow from the ledges and dripstones of the Minister. Adie gathered her cloak tightly about her, and feeling happier in mind than she had felt for many a day, entered the solemn gloom of the great church. She passed up one of the side aisles and by the steps of the altar rails, where she was alone and almost in the darkness. The few scattered lights showed her the congregation below in the choir, but so dimly that their presence was no company to her and no disturbance. It was a luxury of enjoyment to her impressive character to linger in this solitude, thinking her own thoughts, dreaming her own dreams; and when the swell of the rich music rolled up to the vaulted roof, her heart seemed filled to overflowing with an ecstasy of devotion that was almost pain. The fall and rise of the symphony and the sweet distant voices were softened to her by her remote position; the proclamation fell on her ear as if out of heaven, "Peace on earth, and good will towards men!"

"O, I am glad I told dear Grizzie, and that he forgave me," she thought to herself. "How could I have borne to listen to this if I were deceiving him still? Good, kind, old Grizzie, it was very cruel of me; how could I do it, even for Laurence?" She staid until the last, until the people and priests and choristers had vanished, and the vergers came to put out the lights; then she slowly left the Minister, and issued out into the night.

The wind had increased to a tempest, and drove furiously about the open space. If it had been light enough, you would have almost expected to see it careering madly with outspread vaporuous wings in the shaken air. She could scarcely keep her feet against it, and often the gusts caught her, compelling her to stand still for a minute to regain strength and breath; then there came shrill shrieking blasts which seemed to warn her back, followed by long piteous wails and moans and laments that died in a momentary hush, only to be renewed again and yet again. At last she reached the comparative calm of the court and paused a little while, thinking within herself that it was on just such a night as this that Grizzie had found her crouched under the archway, crying for her father. Good old Grizzie! She looked up to the windows, hoping to see his figure darkening the glow from within; but the ruddy firelight shone through full and unbroken. She mounted the steps softly, intending to surprise him and reproach him archly for not keeping watch for her return, scarcely expecting, however, that she should reach the door before it would be opened; but she did, and peering cautiously through the glass, as soon as her eye became accustomed to the light, she saw that something unusual had happened. The doors of the closet stood open, and there was a candle on the table within; there was also a heap of things lying about the floor, but Nicholas was not visible.

"Perhaps he is at the cabinet, or sitting in the corner by the fire," said Adie to herself, though her heart throbbed fast and painfully. She attempted to open the door, but it was fastened inside, and resisted all her efforts. Then her alarm was aroused; for it was not customary with Nicholas to lock the door when he was in until night. She knocked loudly on the glass, and cried, "Grizzie, Grizzie, let me in; it is Adie."

There was no answer but the echoes of her own voice. She ran down the steps in haste, and to Mrs. Parkes's door; but that also was shut, for Job and his wife had gone to spend their Christmas Eve broad. The whole court seemed deserted; even the children had vanished. Where could Martha be? she was not used to go out so late. Then Adie remembered that she had asked leave to spend the afternoon at the hospital with an old acquaintance, and she had not returned yet. The girl, now full of fears and excitement, ran into the College Lane, in the hope of meeting some neighbors. A tall figure enveloped in a cloak rushed by her, and was lost instantly in the pitchy darkness. The person had come out of the court, and must have emerged from the stairway, for she had not seen him before; but his sudden and hasty appearance now redoubled her terror. At this moment Martha came up; Adie caught her by the arm, and whispered faintly that something must be wrong, for she had left home not an hour before, and now she could not get in. The woman mounted the stair swiftly, and looked through the glass, with the girl close behind her. "The door into the corridor is open; we must go that way," said she, after vainly trying to make herself heard by rattling the window. They descended again, and went up the black broken stair, feeling their way. When they entered the long passage, they perceived by the thread of light shining through a chink at the further end that they were right in thinking the door was ajar. Adie, trembling in every nerve, clung fast to Martha, and relaxed her haste; she feared she scarce knew what.

There was a dead breathless silence within. They stood a moment and listened. No sound except the draught of the fire and the howling wind in the bishop's gardens. They went in, Martha the first. Nicholas lay prostrate across the hearth, his face downwards, one arm outstretched. A dark slender stream had trickled down the slope of the floor almost to where their feet had been arrested by the sight. Adie stood petrified with horror; Martha advanced, and stooped down over the old man. He was dead—murdered; a small hole in the left temple betrayed how.

They heard steps below in the court; Adie rushed frantically to the door, and drawing back the bolts, called to two men who were there to come up in haste. The tale spread, and in a few minutes, as it seemed, Mrs. Parkes and Job were there, and Mr. St. Barbe, and many others, all talking in awed whispers, which rose at times to a hoarse scream. Adie watched helplessly, and listened, and turned her dusk, clouded, distraught eyes from one face to another, as if questioning whether it were a dream or a reality. She did not dare to look on the dead still countenance yet; and when they carried the corpse into the next room, she did not follow, but staid by the fire, which was sparkling and roaring in the keen frosty air with a living mocking lustre. She picked up a glove from the floor, and twitched it nervously and unconsciously in her fingers, and gazed about the floor, and then crept to the other room, and stood behind Martha and Mrs. Parkes, trembling and fearful, but with dry burning eyes.

The idle marvel-mongers were dismissed, and then the officers, who had arrived in the interval, took note of the appearance of the first room. One of them said, "The old man must have been shot by some one who took him at advantage; there has been no struggle; he has been murdered for the purposes of robbery."

They went into the closet. The cabinet was open, the drawers out, and their contents scattered on the table, the floor, and in the adjoining room. They were a miscellaneous collection; women's clothes and a few valueless trinkets, child's things, and toys—the poor old miser's treasures. There was nothing else left—probably had been nothing else to leave—the man-slayer was disappointed of his spoil. The people looked at the yellow linen and tarnished bits of jewellery with curiosity; and Mrs. Parkes observed that somebody must have done it who knew the house well and Nicholas also—somebody who believed the old story that he kept money hid away in that closet. For her part, she had long known it to be all nonsense, but there were folks who credited it. Martha spoke not a word, but peered about for traces in her furtive, eager way; there was a set rigidity in her face, as if she had registered a vow of vengeance and were seeking the way to its accomplishment. Her search was abortive, however, and for the present she discontinued it, to listen to what Mrs. Parkes was saying about the murdered man.

"Who would have thought it of old Nicholas Drew?" she was asking. "Who would have thought he would have set such store by a lot of rags? They are dropping with age—look!" and she lifted one of the garments from the floor, and held it up. "Whose can they have been?"

"His young wife's and his bairn's," answered Job.

"His wife's? Job? I never knew he had been married," cried Mrs. Parkes, softly, but with vivid curiosity. "It was before your time; but I remember her. A pretty, dark-haired, little lass she was, and very kind-spoken to poor folks. They were well off then, I dare say; but they were very young to be married, every one said. Then they had a bairn, and I know both she and it died in a fever; and after that Nicholas was out of his mind

ever so long, and had to be taken care of. When he came back to live in the court he had let his beard grow, and was so queer, people were half afraid of him; and then it was they began to set stories afloat about his being a miser and a wizard, and what not."

Adie heard this little explanation of poor Grizzie's treasures, and with a melancholy reverence she gathered them together, and put them back into the drawers. Whilst doing so a folded paper slipped from between two handkerchiefs; she opened it, and saw coiled round and round a thick tress of black hair, with a little auburn curl lying upon it. Then her tears began to flow, gently at first, but soon in wild passionate sobs and writhing. The women carried her away to her own chamber, and shut themselves up together, while one of the officers and St. Barbe stayed in the outer room. Before morning broke the girl was raving in delirium, calling on "Laurence, Laurence!"

"Who is it she wants?" asked Mrs. Parkes of Martha. "We had better send for him, maybe."

"He is not in the town now, and I don't know where he is either. He went away for his Christmas," was the reply. "It is Laurence Royston."

"See, poor thing, she has got one of his gloves, and she's holding it against her heart," said the other, with tears. "Poor Adie! O, it's an awful deed! I do hope, though it isn't Christian-like, perhaps—I do hope whoever did it will be brought to justice. He was a very good old man."

"He was good," repeated Martha, emphatically; "and I will never rest day or night until the man that did it is dead—never!" She spoke in a deep, concentrated, ireful voice, which made the calmer Mrs. Parkes shiver.

The girl's pitiful cry and moan went on still. They tried to calm her: "Yes, Adie, he is coming—he is coming soon," said Mrs. Parkes, laying her hand on the burning forehead which turned restlessly on the pillow. Adie opened her eyes with a start, and put up her arms as if to push away some weight; the glove fell to the floor, and was picked up by Martha, who laid it carefully in one of her young mistress's drawers, thinking that she set great store by it. Presently she grew quiet, and sank into a heavy sleep, which even the loud pealing of the Christmas-morning bells could not break, while a few paces off lay the dead, cold clay, which had shrined a soul then in God's Paradise.

(To be continued.)

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

AN expedition, sent to assist in suppressing the mutinous spirit exhibited in the Mynpoore and Allypore districts, had an unfortunate termination. This expedition was formed of 200 men of the Second Irregular Cavalry, under the command of Captain Hayes; it was accompanied by Captain T. Carey, of the Seventeenth Native Infantry, and two other officers, Barber (the Adjutant) and Fayer. On arriving at a place called Bowgows, about eight miles from Mynpoore, Hayes determined to go to this latter station to consult with the magistrate there about attacking one Elah Rajah, who had set himself up as a king, and openly defied all government.

"On Sunday," says Captain Carey, "we remained at Mynpoore, sending Barber directions to proceed up to Kurrowlee, and that there we would join him on Monday morning. Presently we heard from Bowgows that the men were mutinying; but when Hayes's escort came in the evening, and said their men had been complaining about the long marches, &c., we thought it was nothing. Well, we cantered along all merrily in the morning, talking of how we would open the road to Allypore, and carry all before us; and after riding about eleven miles we came up in sight of our men going along the road quite orderly. They were on one road, we on another. I said, 'Let us cross the plain and meet them.'"

As we approached, they faced towards us and halted, and when we had cantered up to within about fifty yards of them, one or two of the native officers rode out to meet us, and said in a low voice, 'Fly, sahibs, fly.' Upon this poor Hayes said to me as we wheeled round our horses, 'Well, we must now fly for our lives,' and away we went, with the two troops after us like demons, yelling and sending the bullets from their carbines flying all around us. Thank God, neither I nor my horse was hit. Hayes was riding on the side nearest the troops, and before we had gone many yards I saw a native officer go up alongside of him, and with one blow cut him from his saddle. It was the work of an instant.

"On they all came shouting after me, and every now and then 'ping' came a ball near me. Indeed, I thought my moments were numbered; but as I neared the road at the end of the maidan a ditch presented itself. It was but a moment I thought, dug my spurs hard in, and the mare flew over it, though she nearly fell on the other side. Fortunately I recovered her, and in another moment I was leaving all behind me, and two swarms, who followed me, and poor Hayes's horse tearing on after me. On seeing this I put my pistol back into the holster, reserving my fire until a man was actually upon me, and took a pull at the mare, as I had still a long ride for it, and knew my riding must now stand me a good turn. So I raised the mare as much as I could, keeping those fiends about a hundred yards in the rear; and they, I suppose, seeing I was taking it easy, and not urging my horse, but merely turning round every now and then to watch them, pulled up, after chasing me two good miles. Never did I know a happier moment, and most fervently did I thank God for saving my life.

"Hayes's Arab came dashing along and passed me. I still continued to ride on at a strong pace, fearful of being taken and murdered by some who had taken a short cut unknown to me. Thus up to the sixth mile did I continue to fly, when, finding my mare completely done, and meeting a sowar from Mynpoore, I immediately stopped him, jumped up behind, and ordered him to haste back to Mynpoore. After going about a mile on this beast, we came up to poor Hayes's horse, which had been caught; so on him I sprang, and he bore me back safely to cantonments. It was indeed a ride for life or death; and only when I alighted at the magistrate's kitchen, in which all the Europeans were assembled, did I feel at all comfortable."

"In the afternoon poor Hayes's body was brought in, his head most frightfully hacked about, his right hand cut off, and his left fearfully lacerated—his watch, rings, boots, all gone, and his clothes all cut and torn to pieces. Fayer was killed before we came up with them that morning. A dastardly villain of a sowar stole behind him as he was drinking at a well, and with one blow of his tulwar killed him; he fell back, his head half severed from his body. Barber fled up the road, several giving chase; he shot one horse, and two of the sowars, when he was hit by a ball, and then cut down, his body rifled, his horse seized. The mutineers then rode off towards Delhi."

INCIDENT IN PARIS LIFE.

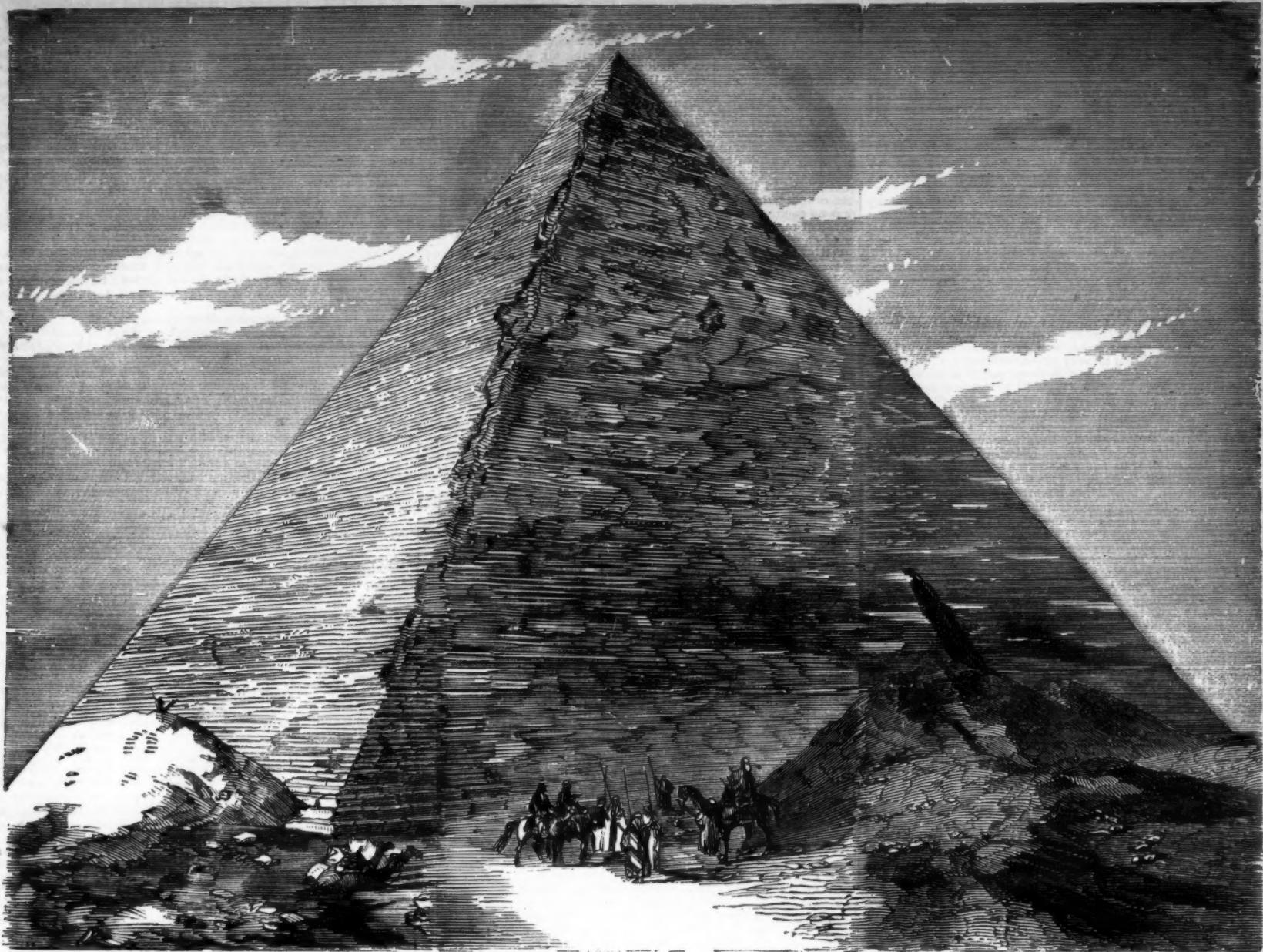
THE FAITHLESS CAVALIER AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

A CURIOUS story is reported from the camp at Chalons. One of the Emperor's aides-de-camp got rather embarrassed, in consequence of losses at the gaming-table. He confided his embarrassment to his lady-love; he knew she was both rich and true. The fair one, however, was not so rich as she had hitherto been, and having no funds at her disposal, she could offer the aide-de-camp no other help than the famous diamond necklace, which has become an historical item in the annals of gallantry, being composed entirely of fakes.

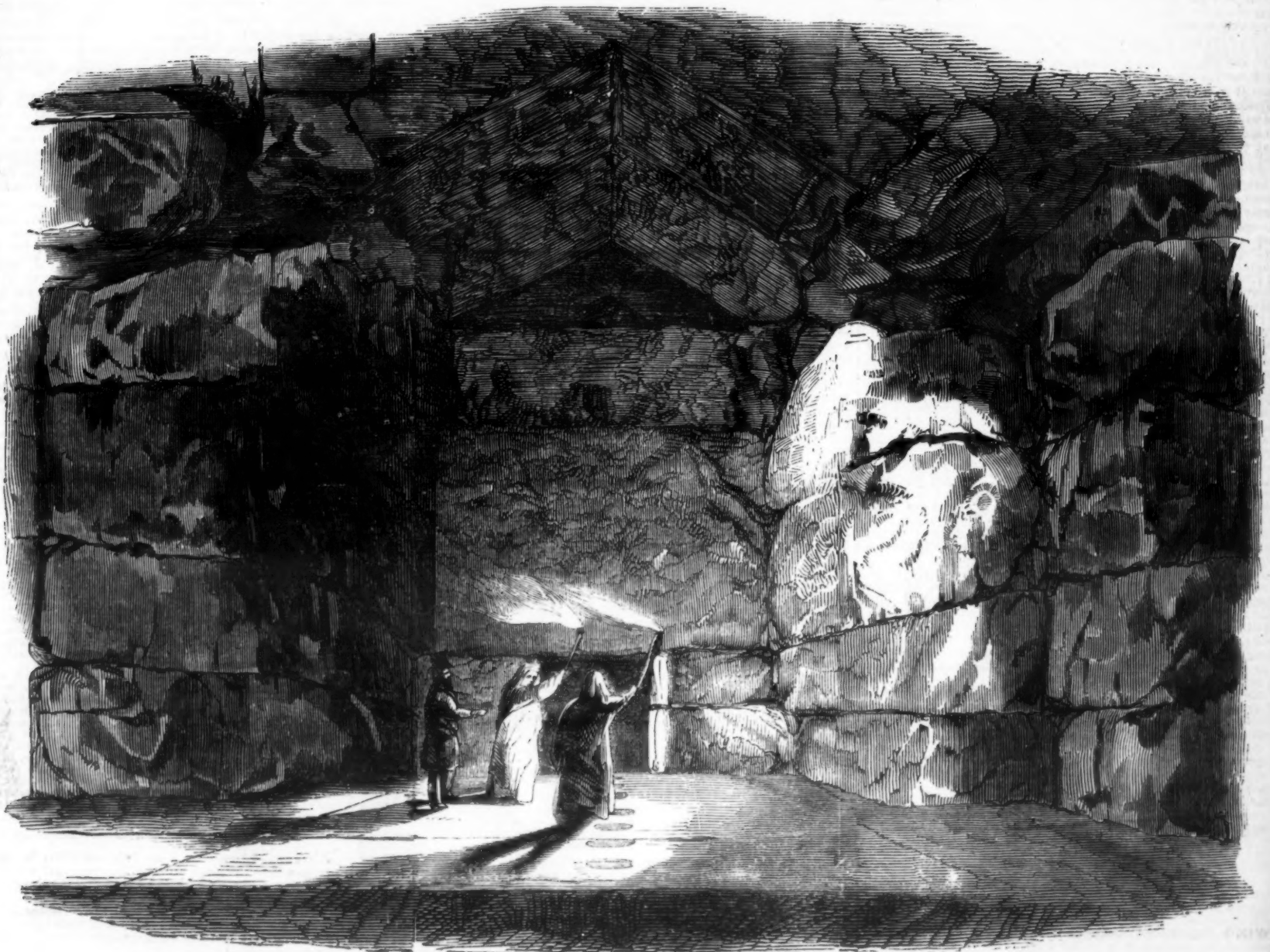
The greatest names in Europe have bestowed their cognomies on some of these diamonds—indeed, the greatest of all which have glorified the records of modern times is given to the middle stone, a splendid brilliant of matchless water, and estimated at more than 100,000 francs. One of the prime ministers of the early days contributed the next in value, while the Bonapartes, the Murats, and the Demidoffs sparkle forth in varied value, under every Christian name known in these families. The aide-de-camp, all gratitude and haste—the fair lady, all love and sacrifice—separated. The time requested by the lover to set his house in order fled away on the wings of credit—the swiftest flight of all—and the promised restoration of the jewels, with, may be, another *chacon* added to the chain, by way of compliment—came not. The lady grew anxious, and began to scold; the lover grew frightened, and began to prevaricate; until at length the lady confronted him in the camp, and the sinner was forced to confess that, having, by the greatest imprudence, exhibited the jewel to Mlle. J—, of the Theatre Francaise, that lady had coaxed him into the loan of it for a few hours, to play the part of Countess in the "Marriage of Figaro," since which time he has never been able to obtain from her even so much as the smallest of the *châtons*, of which his rightful owner was so proud.

You may imagine the rage, the despair of the despoiled one; the whole camp was filled with her wailing. The heads and chiefs of the court of honor were convoked to sit in judgment on the matter. Mlle. J— declares that the aide-de-camp had presented the jewel in due form, as a testimony of friendship on his part, and refuses to give it up; and, moreover, declares that, upon the whole, her right is as good as that of the previous owner. The young man, whose whole fortune could scarcely pay its value, has been placed under military arrest until the affair has been cleared up; and the Emperor, in consideration of certain *châtons* contained in the necklace, which bear a peculiar interest to himself, has consented to become, as it were, umpire in the affair, and has recommended a subscription to indemnify Mlle. J—, and restore the necklace to its former owner. The lady in this affair is described as "well-known of the Emperor, and of all the world beside."

CHINESE AMAZONS.—Among the camp followers of the insurgent chief who has been disturbing the heart of the empire, it was computed, in 1853, that there were in the city of Nankin alone about half a million women, collected from various parts of the country. These females were formed into brigades of 13,000, under female officers. Of these 10,000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the citadel. The rest had the hard drudgery assigned them of digging moats, making earthworks, erecting batteries, &c.



GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH, TWELVE MILES N.W. OF CAIRO, FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX FEET HIGH.



INTERIOR OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE KING'S CHAMBER IN THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH.

SOME women vote in Kentucky. Every widow having a child between six and fifteen years can enjoy that privilege.

GREAT PYRAMID OF GHEEZEH.

As far back as history extends, the Great Pyramid of Gheezeh has been a puzzle to the world. The most reasonable conjecture that has been formed respecting its origin is that it was a mighty mausoleum or sepulchre, erected by Cheops, who lived 900 B. C. It is said that he employed 360,000 men during twenty years in its structure.

This pyramid stands exactly facing the four quarters of the globe, consequently marking the true meridian of the place. This could not have been the effect of mere chance, but proves the astronomical knowledge of the ancient Egyptians. The Arab guides, whose privilege it is to show the pyramid to strangers, are noisy and vociferous, screaming to the traveller, "Walk up, walk up!" "Walk in, walk in!" until the ear is well nigh stunned. Each tourist must be attended by two Arabs, who carry flickering torches to dispel the gloom within.

Through some of the interior passages the unfortunate sight-seers are obliged to crawl along, bent double and nearly choked by dust, and dragged upwards by two screaming Arabs, one of whom pulls, and the other pushes the wretched victim up the ascent.

The Queen's Chamber, as it is called by those who fancy that the wife of King Cheops was sepulchred in this place, is situated directly beneath the apex of the pyramid. It is entirely vacant, and no traces were ever discovered of a queen having been interred there.

The King's Chamber, reached through an ascending tunnel, is oblong in shape and flat-roofed. Both roof and wall are formed of red granite. At the extremity of this apartment stands a vast empty sarcophagus, on which can be traced no inscription whatever. It is not probable that the royal ashes were ever entombed here; for the mysterious shape of the tunnel, as well as the numerous obstacles interposed, all convey the idea that they were placed there to mislead travellers, in order that the resting-place of the king's remains should not be discovered. Herodotus says that the monarch's body lies in an insulated subterranean chamber cut in the rock on which the pyramid is based, at a sufficient depth to admit the introduction of water from the Nile, which entirely surrounds the tomb.

A splendid view is obtained from the top of this pyramid, which is generally ascended by all who journey along the shores of the Nile, and their number is legion, for there are few travellers who do not cherish the most lively curiosity in respect to these huge records of the past.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

THE death of Gen. Cavaignac is now the most engrossing topic in Paris. He died at his chateau, near Tours, on the 28th of October, while out shooting. Towards sunset he was walking in the gardens, when a man servant came to tell him that he had



GENERAL EUGENE CAVAIGNAC, OF FRANCE, RECENTLY DECEASED.

marked down a woodcock in the close adjoining. The General asked for his gun, and went immediately to seek the game. He was in the act of raising the gun to his shoulder, when he felt a weakness creep over him; he staggered, exclaiming that he did not know what was the matter with him, and gave the gun to his servant to hold. An instant after, he cried, "I am dying!" and sank down and breathed his last in the open fields.

The disease was an aneurism of the heart, to which it is said he had long been subject; but he was, up to the time of his decease, apparently in the full possession of his ordinary health and faculties. His beautiful young wife, the daughter of M. Odier, the rich banker, would not hear of her husband's remains being interred elsewhere than in Paris. With wonderful resolution and courage she determined that he should be laid in the family vault of the Cavaignacs, in the Cemetery of Montmartre.

She placed the body in a carriage, supporting the head in her lap, and accompanied by two relatives and her little child, proceeded to the railroad station at Tours, on the 29th of October. A special train to Paris was there asked for; the railway officer demurred, as the police regulations necessary for the transport of a corpse had not been observed. Madame Cavaignac asked to see the chief of the station, and said to him, simply, "I am the wife of Gen. Cavaignac; I am going to Paris with his dead body, to bury it there; I must have a special train immediately."

The utmost courtesy was shown to the poor lady; the train was furnished at once, and all the stations were telegraphed to keep the line clear. Madame Cavaignac proceeded on her sorrowful journey, sitting by the side of the corpse, which was dressed

in the clothes worn at the moment of death, as if it had been a living man. With wonderful courage and devotion, she often took the body in her arms and wept over it!

She went at once to the General's town-residence, on arriving in Paris, and her next care was to fit up their chamber as a *chappelle ardente*, with candles and black cloth. There, lying in a dressing-gown, his fine countenance calm and unchanged, the corpse of Gen. Cavaignac was seen by a few intimate friends.

One of the sorrowing bystanders took the bereaved child by the hand, and said to him, "Look well at thy father; he is dead!" The boy, scarce four years old, and too young to understand his loss, replied, with a look of sad curiosity, "But he sleeps well!"

The obsequies of the deceased took place on Saturday, the 31st; the streets were crowded, and the most imposing military and civil honors were paid to the illustrious dead.

The name of General Cavaignac has long been familiar to the world. As far back as the days of Louis Philippe, he was the great Algerine General of whom France was justly proud; and when Louis Napoleon took the place of President of the Republic, he held a high position in the Government. But when the *coup d'état* came on, Cavaignac was arrested, and his command was taken from him. Since that time he has dedicated himself to private life. Six years ago he married the beautiful and wealthy Mademoiselle Odier, whose devotion is now so affecting and beautiful. He was much beloved everywhere, and his loss is greatly regretted throughout all France.

Gen. Cavaignac was a good, but was not, in the enlarged sense, a great man. He evidently had no administrative power, and we question the propriety of his going into retirement and abandoning his country because he did not like the form of government. Admiral Blake set him a better example; he observed, speaking of Cromwell, whom he looked upon as an usurper, "I will fight for England against her enemies, whoever may be on the throne."

A STRANGE STORY.—The *Courrier* of Lyons has the following: "A young married woman of Colluire, near this city, after being ill for some time, fell one day last week into a complete state of insensibility, and was supposed to be dead. A medical man, who was called in, gave a certificate of the death, and the young woman was laid out and in due time fastened up in a coffin. In the night some women, who were sitting up to watch the deceased, heard subdued groans and sighs in the coffin. They fled in dismay, and the neighbors, on hearing their account of the matter, proposed to have the coffin opened, but the husband of the woman would not hear of such a thing, as it would be, he said, a profanation of the dead. The mother of the young woman, however, broke open the coffin with a hatchet, and it then turned out that the young woman was not dead, but had only been in a lethargy. Medical assistance was procured for her, and in a short time she recovered perfect consciousness. She is now going on well, although weak from the effects of her somnambulism."



OWING TO THE "PANIC" THE LADIES DO THEIR OWN HOUSEWORK.

MARY—"I say, Georgiana, what would Augustus and Algernon say if they saw us doing the housework?"
GEORGIANA—"I think, Mary dear, that they'd call us charming help mates!"

IMPERTINENT HELP—"What a duck of a bonnet, and don't it fit to a T! I guess it becomes me better than it does that old scrag of a missis!"
MISTRESS (aghast with astonishment)—"The insolent hussy!"

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.—Re-engagement of the great Comedian, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, who has just concluded most brilliant engagements at Boston and the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7 o'clock. Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Fourth week of the immense success of the new, grand, and unsurpassed Fairy Pantomime, **BOREAS**, with entirely new and original gorgeous Scenery, Machinery, Magical Changes, Tricks, Costumes, &c. **THE RAVEL.**—**THE ROLLA.**—**THE MARZETTI.** **GABRIEL RAVEL ON THE TIGHT ROPE.** To commence with a Ballet each evening. Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children on Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price. ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET. Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress. Now open for the Season, with an able and efficient Stock Company. **THE SEA OF ICE; OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYER.** Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET. Proprietor.....Henry Wood. **GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS** respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme. Stage Manager.....Sylvester Becker. Treasurer.....L. M. Winans. Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—New Dramatic Season. With an Entirely New and superior Company. Every evening at half-past seven o'clock. Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c. Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

444 BROADWAY (LATE CHRISTY & WOOD'S).—**NAGLE'S AMERICAN JUVENILE COMEDIANS**, a group of twenty-eight beautiful children, the most extraordinary combination of youthful genius ever brought together. All under 12 years of age—actors, singers, dancers and pantomimists—pronounced by the press and public unequalled. They appear every evening at the above beautiful dramatic temple. ADMISSION, 25 CENTS. Doors open at 6 o'clock; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

EMPIRE HALL, No. 596 BROADWAY.—DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES, magnificently illustrated, and vividly portraying the sublime yet awful grandeur of the POLAR REGIONS, with a description by Mr. WILLIAM MORTON, discoverer of the open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane's Arctic dresses, celebrated dog sled, rifle and other relics on view every evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children half price.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY MODERN ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL, at the OLD ART UNION ROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY, WILL REMAIN OPEN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 10 evening. Holders of Season Tickets will retain their privilege until the close of the Exhibition, of which due notice will be given. The Gallery is well lighted and warmed. B. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART is now open in the new Galleries of the National Academy of Design, one door from Broadway, in Tenth street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 p. m. to 10. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner. **ENGLISH AGENCY.**—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

MRS. SQUIZZLE'S JOURNAL.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we would state that Mrs. Squizzle has been ill with the inflammable rheumatism, but she has supplied us with fresh leaves from her Journal, which are more than usually rich and original. They will appear immediately.

NOTICE.

The back numbers of the MAGAZINE are now ready. The rush for the first numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE so far exceeded all calculations, that the immense editions were speedily exhausted. Each number, however, being stereotyped, we are now enabled to supply the constant demands for the back numbers. Orders for the September, October and November numbers, can now be supplied at the Office, 13 Frankfort street.

SPLENDID HOLIDAY PICTORIAL SHEET.

FRANK LESLIE'S

GREAT CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL

will be ready in a few days. Containing an immense amount of Splendid Engravings,

illustrating the principal events of the past year. Portraits of Eminent Male and Female Artists, Statesmen, Soldiers, &c.;

THE GREAT EASTERN;

detailed Maps of India, with the Assault and Capture of Delhi; and other beautiful Works of Art too numerous to mention.

Agents and others should send in their orders immediately, so that no disappointment in the supply may occur.

FRANK LESLIE, 13 Frankfort Street.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

With the next number we inaugurate the third year of our enterprise. When we look back upon the beginning of our work and remember how dark was the prospect that lay before us, how uncertain the future, and how full of evil bodings were the words even of our friends, we cannot but feel grateful that the appreciation of the American public has afforded us not only moral support, but that material aid without which all our efforts, no matter how well directed and persevering, would have failed to achieve our present position of success and permanence.

But notwithstanding the security we feel in the firm hold our paper has in the sympathy and affection of the people, we are satisfied that we are as yet only in the beginning of our success. Though our paper has risen to a circulation of a hundred and thirty thousand copies, and a regular weekly issue of nearly ninety thousand copies, there is yet much to be done, which, with our increased facilities and the new and attractive matter, both literary and artistic, which will grace our columns, we shall be enabled to do, until we are neck and neck with our great predecessor and rival over the water, even though it has had fifteen years start in the race.

In our country there is a wide scope for the Illustrated Newspaper, and we have plans which we are now maturing to render it of more immediate interest to the country at large and the individuals of every State. We only require time to develop our plans; each week adds some new facility to our already well-arranged correspondence, and proud as we may now feel of the artistic beauty and literary excellence of the Illustrated Newspaper, we are determined to present greater cause for pride in each succeeding number.

The principal picture of this, the last number of the Fourth Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is, happily, a speaking likeness of one of the great monuments of our national glory—the steamship Adriatic. This miracle of naval architecture, of which America may well be proud, will, through our engraving, be seen and appreciated by hundreds of thousands in the Great West, the South and the far-off Territories, and will cause a thrill of satisfaction wherever it is seen, and an unconscious feeling of pride at belonging to a country which produces such men to work such wonders. There are a host of other illustrations of exceeding interest, and the literary matter will be found admirable in its varied, amusing and interesting character.

This is the time to subscribe and to renew subscriptions.

The liberal offer which we published in our last issue has given great satisfaction, and large lists of names have been forwarded to us, for the PAPER and MAGAZINE together, at Four Dollars a year for both. We repeat the offer we made, and shall keep it open until the 1st of January, 1858.

TAKE NOTICE!

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

AND

NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,

BOTH

For Four Dollars

We make this liberal offer to the public to January 1, 1858, from the date of our present issue. We will send the Paper and Magazine to one address for one year, for Four Dollars. The two are entirely distinct in the character of their literature and the subject of their engravings. Together they form an amount of reading matter equal to three thousand Imperial Octavo pages; while the number of engravings, nearly all of them original, designed and cut by the best artists in the city, is very nearly two thousand. Remember the offer, dear reader, three thousand pages of splendid reading matter and two thousand fine engravings for Four Dollars per annum.

We shall keep this offer open until the above date, so those who desire to avail themselves of it, should send their orders early and direct to this office, 13 Frankfort street. We make this offer as a New Year's gift to our subscribers, and we think that we could not make a more welcome gift. All subscriptions sent after January 1 must be at our usual terms—Five Dollars per annum for both publications.

THE MONARCH OF THE MONTHLIES.—The December number of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE is now ready. It contains a larger amount of reading matter and greater number of superb engravings than any Monthly Magazine published in the world. The table of contents on another page will give some idea of the magnitude and beauty of the new monthly. The Ladies' department, the GAZETTE OF FASHION, retains all the original and popular features of that popular work, and will prove an unfailing guide in all matters connected with taste and fashion.

A FEW MORE WORDS FROM THE PRESS ABOUT FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—We have received No. 2 of this new magazine, and we are pleased to say it is one of the finest-looking as well as the largest magazine published in this country. It has also incorporated in it the "Gazette of Fashion," which has enjoyed so enviable a reputation among the ladies for the past number of years, while the two combined are afforded for the same price as that for which the "Gazette of Fashion" alone sold—\$3 per year. Now is the time to subscribe.—*Laurel Journal, Illinois.*

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—Under this title this enterprising publisher issues a large and handsome periodical, which, with a good deal of propriety, he claims to be the "Monarch of the Monthlies." It is, in point of fact, two magazines united, with not only the peculiar features of each retained, but the amount of matter formerly found in both faithfully given, while the price is but little more than that of one. Each number contains one hundred and two Imperial octavo pages, filled with interesting reading, profusely illustrated, and the fashion department is accompanied by a beautifully colored plate of the fashions, and numerous patterns and designs. The price is certainly cheap—very cheap; indeed, when we consider the amount and variety, and the excellence of the illustrations, it seems to justify a contemporary in pronouncing it "ridiculously cheap."—*The Eastern Mail, Waterville, N. Y.*

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a new mammoth magazine lately issued by Frank Leslie, Esq., at three dollars per annum. Incorporated in this magazine is the "Gazette of Fashion," a valuable fashion periodical heretofore published by this gentleman. The whole comprises one of the largest, if not the largest, and best periodicals now published in the country, and to add to its other attractions, is splendidly illustrated throughout.—*Chapel Hill Gazette, N. C.*

THE MONARCH OF THE MONTHLIES.—Such is FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE. We cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of the first number of the new volume. Some idea of the work may be gleaned from the following facts: The number before us contains ninety-six large pages. There are over thirty literary articles, besides a vast amount of anecdotes and miscellaneous matter. There are more than forty engravings, many of which are very beautiful. The colored frontispiece—a street scene in Havana, ladies shopping—is superb. Last, but not least, comes the "Gazette of Fashion," exclusively for the ladies, and that, and yet we have peeped into it, notwithstanding the broad hints, and find its contents fully equal to its high standing and widely-known character. There are thirteen articles on dress and fashion, a magnificent colored fashion plate, containing four figures, besides some eighteen other illustrations. We presume that this department of the magazine is the most perfect, full and complete Gazette of Fashion ever published in this country. Mind, all this is contained in a single number. For three dollars you can obtain the work one year, which will contain twelve issues as much as the number before us. Verily, this may be well called the "Monarch of the Monthlies," and the cheapest magazine in the world.—*The Progressivist, Georgia.*

The European mails bring intelligence of a much more sombre character than that which we chronicled in our last. The effects of our monetary crisis are beginning to develop themselves in the

mercantile circles in England. The Bank of England raised its rate of discount to ten per cent., and it was very generally expected that the rate would be further increased in a few days. There was every symptom of the commencement of a panic, but the calm views put forth by the leading journals will in all probability arrest the suicidal folly of the ignorant masses. Shrewd whispers were uttered that the *Credit Mobilier* would be a broken institution before the next news left for America. In Vienna the monetary crisis was terrible, the mercantile failures in two weeks amounting to over one hundred and fifty. In Russia the monetary crisis is not felt at all. The people are eager to pay up in advance on the Russian Railway shares. Later news from India reached England on the day of the sailing of the steamer. The city of Delhi was entirely in the hands of the British. The loss sustained in the assault amounted to 61 officers, among them General Nicholson, and 1,178 men killed and wounded—nearly one-third of the entire force. The old King of Delhi and his chief wife were taken and saved, but two of his sons and a grandson captured were immediately shot. No mention is made of the loss of the Sepoys, but it was doubtless immense, as no quarter was given. The brave and fortunate Havelock has at last been able to relieve Lucknow. He arrived most opportunely. The enemy had completely undermined the fort, and in twelve hours more would have gained possession and massacred the whole garrison. The fight was most desperate, and General Havelock's command lost 450 in killed and wounded. General Neil was among the killed. The general state of India, though not satisfactory, was decidedly improving.

The contest for Mayor promises to be active and bitter. Mayor Wood had two opponents in the field, but Mr. Cooley, the American nominee, resigned in favor of Daniel F. Tiemann, and thus consolidated the opposition against the re-election of Mayor Wood. The bitterest faction feeling pervades all classes, and will cause an immense vote to be cast at the coming charter election. In the present aspect of affairs it seems of little consequence who is elected to office, so far as the public is concerned. It is but changing one order of misrule for another. Hungry office-holders stand with mouths agape and hands extended to clutch the fat pickings which fall from the tables of those higher in office than themselves, and all are ready to practise the grab game at the expense of the poor office-ridden public. So long as the struggle is only for place, the more unscrupulous the man who wins the better, for the sooner will steps be taken to purge our high places and rid them of the harpies that prey upon the public property, and load down the people with taxation as enormous as it is shameful.

Murder and every species of personal violence are daily and nightly perpetrated in our midst, and there seems to be no means of stopping the reign of bloodshed. The people appear to be celebrating a carnival of crime, so utterly reckless are they in the use of the knife and the revolver. Nearly a dozen murders or attempts to murder have been chronicled in the daily papers during the past week, some of them of so atrocious a character that our blood runs cold as we read their shocking details. The city is not half guarded, and still the Police Commissioners delay to fill the vacancies. With an incomplete police force, a demoralized population, and a set of effete officials, there is neither security for life nor property in the city.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE DIXAINES, OR THE CHARITABLE COUNCIL OF TEN. The Empress had long desired to become acquainted with the principle of the "Dixaines," a most noble and generous method of relief, which owes its origin entirely to two ladies of obscure and humble fortune, but who, by dint of real Christian charity (in which, by the way, a large proportion of hope and faith must have been mingled likewise), have succeeded in establishing a permanent fund of benevolence, which every day brings forth its good fruits, and presents the purest example of that true philanthropy which exalts the benefactor without depressing the object of the benefit. These two ladies, founders of the *Dixaines*, were invited to Compiègne, and received by her Majesty with every consideration. The history of their struggle with indifference and incredulity, with selfishness and avarice, up to the final moment of their triumph over each and all, proved a most interesting subject of discussion, and the listeners to the recital proved their interest in the matter by a most important subscription raised amongst them before the ladies had quitted the palace, and which amounted to a considerable sum.

The history is the same as that of every founder of a mighty plan unable to meet the idea with adequate resources, and as it may prove of some importance now that the Empress has declared herself willing to patronize it, we give it here. About two years ago, a lady who had been occupied during her whole life in the education of young ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, retired from her profession to reside with her mother, who, old and infirm, could no longer exist without the care and attention of her daughter. Their lodging was on a sixth floor of a house in the Rue Lascazes. Below them, as usual in Paris, resided several gradations of wealth, while around them and above dwelt embarrassment and poverty. The mother and daughter, of simple habits, living in retirement, always within the bounds of their small income, considered themselves blessed in their lot, and felt neither easy towards their rich neighbors nor contempt for their poorer ones. With neither one nor the other did they hold much intercourse, scarcely, indeed, did they know them even by sight, until one night during the last winter the daughter was aroused from her light slumber by a heavy groan, which seemed to proceed from beyond the wall at the head of her bed. For some time she remained undecided whether she would arouse the inmates of the next apartment, or allow the circumstance to pass unnoticed, when in the midst of her indecision another moan was distinctly heard, and this time accompanied by a heavy fall, which caused her to hurry on her dressing-gown, and rush to the neighbor's door in an instant. No answer was returned to the loud ring she gave at the bell—no reply to her loud call at the door.

The strong smell of charcoal pervaded the narrow corridor, and filled her with alarm; and by a most providential display of presence of mind, calculating from whence had proceeded the sound of distress, she sang her slipper through the bull's-eye which looked into the corridor, and which she felt sure must be the means of giving light to the closet where the sufferer lay. Meanwhile, the inmates of the other chambers had been aroused. A ladder was procured, and through the narrow window was beheld a gentleman, who had fallen from his chair and lay on the floor, by the side of a chafing-dish full of burning charcoal, which he had used to put an end to his existence. The apartment was entered—assistance was soon procured—and his life was saved. To his preserver alone would he relate the story of his misery. He had despatched his wife and children into the country the day before, in order to accomplish in solitude his dark purpose. He was a ruined and dishonored man, if he could not procure the means of meeting the demands of his creditors during the week following; and having no resource, had resolved to die rather than behold his family reduced to beggary.

Mlle L. comforted the heart-broken man; she set forth on the morrow in search of help. An idea shot across her brain as she entered the hotel of the Princess de Gallifet, one of her quondam pupils, which was accepted by that lady, and has been acted upon ever since with the most successful result. A division of contribution was resolved upon. Ten charitable ladies were associated together in the good work, each bestowing a small weekly stipend until the most pressing difficulties of the embarrassed merchant were cleared off. The creditors were appeased; time was granted. By means of industry and exertion he recovered his position, and is now the master of one of the largest shawl warehouses on the Boulevard, and himself one of the most active and zealous members of the *Dixaines*. Hundreds of individuals have been thus saved from misery and despair since the first establishment of the society, which now numbers more than two hundred members. Uniting in tens, they join in the relief from distress of one individual or family, and then fly to the rescue of another with untiring perseverance and charity.

THE EARL OF FITZHARDINGE DRIVES A FLOCK OF TURKEYS FOR FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

It is related of the late Earl Fitzhardinge, that he once made a bet of £500 with a fashionable, to drive a flock of turkeys to London sooner than the owner's flock of ducks. Both started in smock frocks with their cacklers and gobblers, but the earl soon found that he had the worst of it, as his apologetic tribe at night strayed in every direction, while the more "cute" and quacked placidly and securely beside a pond. The earl wished to back out by

paying half, but his friend insisted. The retaliation, however, was a severe one, for his lordship gave in, and made his fashionable friend drive his flock to London, sending mutual acquaintances to look at the spectacle. Six weeks were occupied in completing the match.

MARRIAGE OF LIST'S DAUGHTER.

List, the pianist, is expected in Paris in the course of a short time, to be present at the marriage of his daughter. The young lady is a charming likeness of her father, and has been much admired during the last season. She is said to inherit her father's musical genius and her mother's literary talent. They say that List bestows a handsome fortune on the bride, to whom her mother resigns the charming residence in the Avenue Sainte Marie, with all the treasures of art and the precious curiosities it contains.

REVIVAL OF THE SAINT-SIMONIAN SECT.

The great chief of the Saint-Simonians, the Père Eufantini, is now in Paris, and is engaged in the publication of a complete edition of the works of the mighty philosopher for distribution amongst the lower classes. He has taken a splendid hotel, where he intends to convoke the élite of the artists of Europe, amongst whom he reckons many of his most zealous partisans. Felicien David, the composer, friend and disciple of Père Eufantini, is composing a new symphony upon the plan of the "Desert," in order to inaugurate with dignity the services given for the propagation of the doctrine; and many of the old apostles, lost since the palmy days of Saint-Simonianism in the crowd, will re-appear and re-proclaim their adherence to its principles. Michael Chevalier, Guyard, Morand, and many other of the great philosophers of the day, have already taken up the pen once more in its defence.

A LADIES' FIGHT FOR LIST'S KID GLOVE.

At the concert lately given at the court of Vienna, in honor of List, the great artist having left his glove on the piano, there was an instantaneous rush to the instrument to obtain possession of the relic. The struggle among the ladies was tremendous, and, in the *bazurze*, the glove was torn to pieces, but each lady proclaimed herself delighted with the small remnant which fell to her share. One of the Princesses Waldeck, who captured the top of the thumb, has had it set in the handle of her eye-glasses, where, surrounded by brilliant, it excites perpetual envy amongst her unsuccessful rivals.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE TO BE COURT-MARTIALED.

A rumor has reached Paris that, in consequence of the loss of the *Leont*, the Grand Duke Constantine, as Lord High Admiral of the Russian fleet, and responsible for every disaster occasioned by mismanagement in his department, will have to undergo a trial by court-martial, which will sit at Cronstadt early in the month. The same rumor declares that, immediately the news of the catastrophe reached St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke sent in his sword to the Emperor, by whom it was instantly returned with a kind and fraternal compliment. Nevertheless, the forms of the service cannot be dispensed with, and the trial will proceed. Admiral Nordmann, commanding the squadron, has already been condemned to loss of rank, having been reduced to that of simple sailor by sentence of the court-martial held to inquire into the cause of the catastrophe.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM RANNEY.—It is with profound regret that we announce the death of the celebrated American artist, William Ranney. He died at his residence in West Hoboken, N. J., on Wednesday, November 18th. He had been ill for nearly three years, and finally died that terrible and insidious enemy of our climate—consumption. In art he was literally a self-made man. He was born in Connecticut, but left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by an uncle living in North Carolina. When he was twelve years old, his only protector died, and he was left to shift for himself. He was apprenticed to a blacksmith, but his natural talent displayed itself by a remarkable facility with the pencil. Devotedly fond of Nature, he delighted to sketch her ever varied and beautiful forms. As his power to manipulate increased, so did his ambition, and at the age of twenty-one he came to New York, with but a very scanty capital to begin life upon. The only employment he could find was in an architect's office, but the monotonous duties of the office soon tired him out. He longed for the free and beautiful country, and to tear himself away from the hated city life he volunteered his services to General Houston in the war between Texas and Mexico. During this period he caught the spirit of the wild scenes in which his life was passed, and their influence may be traced in all his succeeding works. He returned to New York after the independence of Texas was secured, married, and settled in West Hoboken, determined to pursue his profession. For many years he devoted himself exclusively to his art, and won by his undoubted talents and original train of thought a high place among the eminent artists of America. He was truly an American artist. His pictures were stamped with American character, and he chose the most striking features of American scenery for his subjects. He filled a department of the art which will be a representative now that he is dead. Mr. Ranney was forty-five years old when he died, and he leaves a widow and several children to mourn his loss, and to struggle with the world, with but a scant means for future subsistence.

GENERAL JAMES HAMILTON.—This distinguished gentleman met with an untimely end by the blowing up of the *Opelousas* in Galveston Bay. He was born in South Carolina; served in the war of 1812 with distinction, rising to the rank of major. At the close of the war he commenced the practice of law in Charleston, and was successively called to be Mayor of that city, then to the Legislature, and afterwards to Congress. His political career has been a remarkable one, and he was a bold and consistent advocate of Southern Rights and Free Trade. He was deeply interested in the Texan struggle, and visited England and France in 1841, as representative of the Texan Government. To his exertions Texas is mainly indebted for its annexation to the United States. General Hamilton was sixty-five years old at the time of his death.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—This establishment will re-open on Monday next, November 30th. The opera chosen is Meyerbeer's "Ro-er-to Il Diavolo," in which the celebrated Formes will appear. He will be supported by La Grange, Carroli, Bignardi, Labocetta, and Mlle. Rolla, and a full Corps de Ballet. The cast is admirable, and we hope to see the house crowded to overflowing.

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the sixteenth season took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, November 21st. The tightness in the money market has sensibly affected the fortunes of this society, and the establishment of the Brooklyn Philharmonic has withdrawn a large number of subscribers, but it is consoling to think that the excellence of the society is such that, despite the really hard times, it can secure so large a patronage. If the dividends to the performers will not be as large as last year, there will undoubtedly be a large balance over the expenses. The programme consisted of Spohr's characteristic symphony, "The Dedication of Sounds;" R. Schumann's descriptive overture to "Manfred;" and Beethoven's overture, "Leonora." The performance was as excellent as usual. Miss Milner sang the scena from "Der Freischütz," but it was quite beyond her power and conception. She, however, sang "Qui la voce," from "I Puritani," most charmingly; her execution is neat, pointed and brilliant. The Brothers Hollenhaus's performance was as excellent and interminably long as ever. Mr. Theodore Eisfeld conducted. We shall have more to say of the next concert. The instrumental selections for the second concert are Symphony No. 8, Beethoven; overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; and overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai.

DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The return of Mr. Charles Mathews has been hailed with marked gratification by large and brilliant audiences. He has performed several of his most popular characters with all that inimitable naturalness which distinguishes his style from all other actors. He has appeared also for the first time in the character of Harry Jasper, in the celebrated comedy, "The Bachelor of Arts." It is one of the best of the admirable delineations he has yet presented. We have rarely heard so unanimous an opinion in favor of any actor as is expressed in regard to Mr. Charles Mathews. The public and the press both yield him unqualified approbation, and with all he is a popular favorite. His attraction in this his second engagement is fully equal to the excitement created by his first appearance.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The "Sea of Ice," the last splendid production of this enterprising management, not only holds its own, but increases in attraction every day. The public rather doubted it at first, because it had been presented at other establishments, and they did not dream that it would present any new attractions, save in the admirable cast of characters. They now behold what new charms can be added by rare taste and artistic intelligence, and the consequence is, that the excitement to see the "Sea of Ice" at Laura Keene's increases nightly. It is a gorgeous and beautiful spectacle, and the acting is of rare excellence. The outlay to produce this magnificent piece was necessarily great, but we believe that it will be returned over and over again to the treasury. All who have not seen it, take our advice and go forthwith.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The enterprising and successful manager, William Niblo, may very justly announce an "unsurpassed combination of attractions." No one will dispute the justness of the announcement when they ponder upon one night's entertainments at Niblo's Garden: "The three brothers, Gabriel, Antoine, and Jerome Ravel. Three grand entertainments. The comic pantomime, 'The Milliners,' in which Gabriel, Antoine, and Jerome Ravel will appear. Exercises on the Corde Tendue. Marietta Zanfretta in 'The Page's Dance,' in male costume. Marietta Zanfretta in a Pas Gracieux in female costume. Jerome's last novelty, 'Boreas.' Antoine, Jerome and all the company." If this is not sufficient attraction for one evening, how are the crowded houses to be accounted for?

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Several novelties have been produced at this establishment with marked success. The last, entitled "The Road of Life," is especially worthy of mention and commendation. The company is very full, and presents many popular names. Mrs. Charles Howard, always an attraction, is here eminently so; she is most popular, and her fine talents delight the crowded audiences which nightly crowd the Museum. The marvellous Aquarium, and the myriads of objects of interest with which the building is crowded, afford an endless fund of amusement to visitors.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—Mr. Peter Piper Pepper Podge receives his visitors nightly by the thousands. He, with the valuable assistance of George Christy and assistant actors, manages to keep them in a roar of laughter and to send them home so pleasant that they determine to visit him again. And so Mr.

Peter Piper Pepper Podge will continue to receive his thousands of visitors nightly, amuse them as before, and, as before, send them home with a desire to come again.

EMPIRE HALL, 108 BROADWAY.—The charming entertainment at this hall continues to grow in public favor, and its growing popularity is evidenced by the increasing number of its auditors. It must now be looked upon as a great success. Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages have gained a large share of the world's attention; and the admirable illustration of these Arctic voyages at Empire Hall are really of universal interest. We most cordially commend this illustrated exhibition of Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages at Empire Hall to the patronage of our readers.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART.—A new and attractive feature has been added to this interesting exhibition—Miss Hosmer's celebrated statue of "Beatrice Cenci" is now to be seen there, and much excitement is evidenced to behold that work of art by an American lady. The picture and the statue are exhibited at the new galleries of the National Academy of Design, in Tenth street, one door east of Broadway.

EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART.—The exhibition of paintings by modern artists of the French school, now open at the Art Union Rooms, 497 Broadway, will positively close on the 1st of December. The pictures are full of interest, and should be visited by every lover of art.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE GENDARME.

THE strictness with which the King of Prussia observes the law of the land, in trifles as well as in important matters, is amusingly illustrated in this *anecdote*. At a recent *Treijacht* (*battue*), the Minister Mantouff, General Wrangel, and his Majesty were posted at the side of a wood awaiting the appearance of the expected stag. A sharp gendarme espied the party, and rode up to the Prime Minister. "Your shooting-license, sir." "License!" replied Mantouff, with a blank stare; "pooh, I never have one." "Then you must come along with me," was the decisive reply. "Oh, nonsense! my man; do you know who I am?—I'm the Prime Minister!" "May be, but can you prove it?" "Prove it! no," said the astonished Premier; "but stop; there's a gentleman at the corner (pointing to General Wrangel) who can vouch for what I say." The gendarme would not leave his man, but insisted on his accompanying him, and, on coming up to General Wrangel, instead of asking him about the Minister Mantouff, commenced the same series of interrogations about the license, with the same result—the general being unprovided with that article—but hearing out his character as a soldier, by getting into a tremendous passion at the man not knowing an old general of his Majesty. The gendarme was obstinate, and on the point of insisting on their accompanying him to the Landrath (the Prefect), when, as a last resource, the Premier observed—probably not without a secret chuckle at the consequences—"That elderly gentleman at the corner will perhaps vouch that I am President Mantouff, and this gentleman is General Wrangel." The prisoners (*de facto*) were now marched off to the gentleman at the corner—his Majesty; and, to his small surprise, the laconic gendarme began by asking for the license. In this instance, however, the request was immediately complied with. Without hesitation, his Majesty handed the document, made out in due form, "To his Majesty the King of Prussia." The man—who now became for the first time convinced of the truth of the assertion of the General and Prime Minister—alighted in hot haste, abashed, from his horse, with a humble military salute. The explanation was soon made, and much relieved by his Majesty, and the sturdy gendarme was restored to a consciousness that his zeal was not an offence, by the pleasant feel of a Frederick d'or in the palm of his hand.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

As Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was driving his one-horse cabriolet, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, he was accosted by a soldier, who, mistaking him for a man of the middle class, requested a seat in the vehicle.

"Willingly," replied the Emperor. "Jump in, comrade, for I'm in a hurry."

The soldier was soon seated alongside of the Emperor, and became very loquacious.

"Come, comrade," said he, slapping the Emperor familiarly on the back, "are you going to guess?"

"Perhaps I am," said Joseph; "try me."

"Well, then, my boy, conjure up your wits, and tell me what I had for breakfast?"

"Satz-kraut!"

"Come, none of that, comrade. Try it again."

"Perhaps a Westphalian ham," replied the Emperor, willing to humor his companion.

"Better than that," exclaimed the soldier.

"Sausages from Bologna, and Hockheimer from the Rhine."

"Better than that. D'ye give it up?"

"I do."

"Open your eyes and ears then," said the soldier, bluntly. "I had a pleasant, by Jove, shot in the Emperor Joe's park. Ha, ha!"

When the exultation of the soldier had subsided, Joseph said, quietly, "I want you to try your skill in guessing, comrade. See if you can name the rank I hold."

"You're a—no, hang it! you're not smart enough for a cornet."

"A lieutenant?" said the Emperor.

"A lieutenant?"

"A captain?"

"Better than that."

"A major?"

"Better than that."

"A general?"

"Better than that."

The soldier was now fearfully agitated. He had doffed his hat, and sat bareheaded. He could scarcely articulate.

"Pardon me, your excellency, you are field-marshal!"

"Better than that," replied Joseph.

"Mercy on me!" cried the soldier, "you're the Emperor!"

He threw himself out of the cabriolet, and knelt for pardon in the mud. The circumstances were not forgotten by either; the Emperor often laughed over it, and the soldier received a mark of favor which he could not forget.

SCALPING A WOMAN ON THE PLAINS.

An instance of the most remarkable fortitude and heartrending cruelty we ever heard of is related to us by a black man by the name of Scott, who has recently arrived here from Missouri, by the way of the Plains. He informs us that, a short time before he arrived at Stony Point, on the Humboldt River, the Indians attacked a train of six men, one woman and a child. The men were all killed but one, who made his escape. The child was also killed, and its mother shot in several places with arrows, scalped, and left for dead.

All the while they were scalping her and stripping the clothes from her body she was perfectly conscious of what they were doing, but feigned death, and let them tear the skin from her head without even giving signs of life, knowing that if she did they would either dispatch her at once or take her into hopeless captivity. At one time, when they had left her for a moment, she ventured to change her position, in order, if possible, to relieve herself from the uncomfortable posture in which she was lying; but on their return they very soon discovered that she had moved; and, for fear that life might not be extinct, they took hold of the arrows that were sticking in her body and worked them about in the wounds, and pushed them deeper into her flesh, and stamped upon her with their heels.

All this she endured without uttering a groan, or drawing a breath that could be perceived by the savages, and in that condition was left as food for the wolves. Fortunately, however, a train came along before she had lain long in that condition, and dressed her wounds and brought her along with them; and not the least remarkable fact attending the whole matter is, that she is fast recovering from her wounds. Her head, we are told, is nearly well, and the arrow wounds doing better than any one expected.

NAPOLEON FIGHTING FOR THE REPUBLIC: A LETTER TO TALMA, THE ACTOR.—I have fought like a lion for the republic. But, my good friend Talma, as my reward I am left to die of hunger. I am at the end of all my resources. That miserable fellow Aubry (then Minister of War) leaves me in the mire when he might do something for me. I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Sauterre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée, or elsewhere, to give me employment. You are happy; your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates. But for us soldiers, we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and after all we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore do not regret the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever appear again upon mine. I have seen Monvel (a distinguished comedian); he is a true friend. Barras, President of the Directory, makes fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the meantime I am reduced to my last sou. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not refuse them, and promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto; they had not to depend upon a Minister of War.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN LONDON.—London is laboring under a plague of criminals so accurately known to the police, that the commissioners have actually reported their numbers to amount to 107 burglars, 110 housebreakers (the distinction is the commissioners', not ours), 38 highway robbers, 773 pickpockets, 3,667 sneakmen or common thieves, 11 horse-stealers, and 141 dog-stealers, besides a whole host of other offenders, but not habitually using violence, which swell the number of criminals in London to 16,900 known to the police.

SINOPSIS OF NEWS.

A MAN by the name of Fox, living in Westfield, Mass., a few days since hired an elderly man named Rowley, living in East Granville, to bring him (Fox) to a certain point in the north part of Granville, and when near the point of destination Fox proposed to pay his passage, handing out a \$5 bill apparently for that purpose. Mr. Rowley took out his wallet to give change; Fox seized the wallet and threw him out of the wagon, took the reins and drove to the first house, unharnessed the horse, hrowed a blanket, and again fled. He had not been arrested at the latest accounts.

The Connecticut Commissioners threaten to put an injunction on every bank in the State which suspend specie payment.

Printer's ink is the great exposé of wrong and deception, and it served a pretty turn in this way at Lowell in catching the Davenport boy medium at playing on the musical instruments, as was pretended. The ink was rubbed over the keys of the instruments, the music was produced in the dark; but when the light was produced, lo! the boy's fingers were besmeared with the sticky black stuff!

The average annual value of breadstuffs exported from the United States from 1830 to 1840 was \$12,000,000; in the ten years from 1840 to 1850, \$27,000,000; and from 1850 to 1856, \$41,000,000.

In the Supreme Court for Middlesex county, recently, a suit for \$87 50 was finally decided, in which the original cause for action arose twenty-two years ago. The suit was brought by a person against a school district for property of his taken to satisfy the district.

Some remarks of the widow of Phelps Holcomb, who died at Tarrifville about a month ago, led to the disinterment of his body and an examination of it by Prof. Pynchon of Trinity College, who found three and a half grains of corrosive sublimate in the stomach, which was pretty certain evidence that he had been poisoned. Holcomb was jealous of his wife, who was supposed to favor a young man in his employ named Charles Robinson, and he told the doctor who attended him that they had given him something that burned his mouth and stomach, and which would kill him. His wife said it was not (after he tasted it). It seems that Mrs. H. frequently bought corrosive sublimate of the doctor to kill bed-bugs with. She and Robinson have been arrested for examination.

Attorney-General Black has decided that if stamps are stolen or lost from the post office, the postmaster is responsible to the Government for them.

A process for embalming the dead, originated by a physician of New York, has been prosecuted in New Orleans by a Mr. Casanova with much success. The corpse is not eviscerated. An incision is made in the arm, into which a chemical preparation is injected. Mr. Casanova has a vault in one of the cemeteries, in which specimens of his art are placed on exhibition. One of them, the corpse of a negro boy, who died last October, has recently been inspected by the editor of the *New Orleans Bee*, who found it not at all shrunk nor exhibiting any symptoms of decay.

Advices from the Rio Grande to the 30th ult. report a destructive fire as having occurred in Brownsville, Texas. Property valued at \$2,000,000 was destroyed, and four persons were killed by an explosion of gunpowder and the falling of buildings.

The citizens of Muscatine, Iowa, are so troubled with wolves that they have called a meeting for the purpose of getting up a grand wolf hunt.

Ex-President Pierce has accepted the invitation tendered him some time since by President Buchanan offering himself and wife a passage to Madrid in the Powhattan. They will sail somewhere about the last of the month.

The *Calais Advertiser* says forty-one bears have been killed this fall in a few of the towns and plantations of that vicinity. One killed by Mr. Nelson Sweet was judged to weigh 600 lbs. Mr. Baker, of Weston, has killed seventeen of the varmints. A short time since these bold depredators killed and ate a fine yearling belonging to John Dudley, of Watte. Lately, Mr. William Caldwell, of Princeton, hearing a noise among his cattle, found his best cow attacked by a monstrous bear. In attempting to drive the animal away it struck at him, stripping his coat entirely off. Not having an axe or anything to defend himself with, he was obliged to run, when the bear commenced again upon the cow and killed her.

During the year ending about May last, there was quite an activity in the location of land warrants, and yet the returns show that of 26,510,687 acres issued under the act of 1856, only 15,770,230 acres have been located, leaving still floating in the market 10,940,440 acres. Add to this the number of acres unlocated under other acts, and it will be seen that 18,609,849 acres are still outstanding.

William B. Ogden, of Chicago, the richest man in the West, worth \$3,000,000, has been compelled to make an assignment.

The *Los Angeles (Cal.) Star* gives an account of the massacre of an emigrant train on the way from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to California. The train was about one hundred and thirty strong, and all were killed except fifteen infants. The cause of the massacre is said to be the ill-treatment of the Indians by other white emigrants.

A sum of money was placed in the hands of the clerk of one of the New York hotels, for safe keeping, by a person stopping at the hotel. The next day the clerk absconded with the money. The proprietors claimed that they were not liable. The owner of the money brought a suit, and the Judge decided that the proprietors were liable for the amount.

Since the cotton mills stopped at Amherst, N. H., the jail there has been filled to overflowing with persons charged with petty thefts.

Louis Fox, a famous billiard player in Rochester, N. Y., made a most extraordinary run the other day. He gave his opponent thirty-six and discount, and after running the game out the spectators insisted that he should continue. He did so, and made a run of 1016!

One day last week a farmer from the town of Madrid, in Franklin Co., Maine, visited Phillips to do some trading, and among other things he purchased a pound of powder, which he deposited in the box of his wagon seat. Beside the package of powder he placed several empty bags, which he had carried under his arm while smoking, and which had, without his knowledge, taken fire from a spark from his pipe. The burning bags soon ignited the powder, and just as the owner was stepping into his carriage, a violent explosion took place, the seat took a sudden elevation and was seen moving through the air in numerous pieces and various directions. Had the farmer been a moment earlier in taking his seat, his mangled flesh and broken limbs might have proved an argument against smoking.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, the celebrated German poet, has translated (with the same metre) Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." The poem, in its Teutonic dress, reads almost as well as in its American, so thoroughly faithful, yet spirited, is this new version. Freiligrath, who subscribes himself Longfellow's "sincere friend and admirer," is the best political poet living, has suffered for the liberality of his principles, and, since 1850, has been an exile, living in London, as a merchant's clerk.

Charles Zenner, the organist and composer, formerly of Boston, committed suicide at Philadelphia, a few days since. His devotion to spiritualism is said to have driven him to insanity.

Messrs. Belcher & Brothers, the large sugar refiners in St. Louis, have been experimenting upon the syrup of the Chinese sugar cane, and pronounce it to be incapable of producing sugar in any quantities, as it will not granulate. The new cane will, however, be cultivated on a small scale for molasses, for domestic use and for feed for stock, and will contribute something to equalize the demand and supply of sugar.

The steam-tug Noah P. Sprague, of Buffalo, exploded while in the river opposite Detroit, a few days ago, and instantly sank. The crew consisted of ten persons, and eight of whom were instantly killed. The captain and first engineer escaped with severe but not fatal injuries.

The following resolutions are now before the Legislature of Tennessee: "Resolved, That in the State of Tennessee the idea of forgetting any existing liabilities or delaying to meet them is not entertained by any portion of our people. That the State will meet the interest on her bonds promptly and pay the principal when due, and will, in addition to the internal sinking fund now appropriated, set apart the whole land tax of the State for that purpose, to the exclusion of all other objects, if necessary."

A vessel at Washington, D.C., is taking in a cargo of ship timber, from Virginia, for Liverpool. This is the opening of a new trade for that State. Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile, have heretofore done something in that line.

The *New Bedford Standard* says a colored woman named Patsy Castelow died in that city, on the 4th inst., at the age of 101 years. She was for about seventy years a slave of Mr. Alexander Giff, of Hanover county, Va., and was by him set free at his death. She continued to reside in Virginia until about four years since, when she moved to New Bedford, where she resided with a daughter until her death.

During the excavation of a street in Evansville, Indiana, lately, the workmen came across the remains of a cabin eighteen feet below the surface of the earth. This wonderful subterranean house was about twelve feet in length, formed by upright posts set in the ground, and boarded up with split oak puncheons, secured by wooden pins. The posts, puncheons, and pins were partially decayed, but still stuck together. Within the walls were found portions of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel, a wooden maul, several pairs of boots and shoes, and the identical charred stick which the former occupants of the house had used to poke the fire with.

The steamship *Opelousas*, from Bernick Bay, bound to Galveston, sank on the night of the 15th. From twenty to twenty-five passengers were lost, including Gen. Hamilton, of South Carolina. The officers and crew were all saved.

Alfred Young, a negro, who was convicted of the murder of his wife some time ago, escaped from the jail at Sandwich, Ill., by digging under the wall. He left a note threatening the murder of the sheriff, and the witnesses against him, at some future time.



THE GRAND DINING-ROOM ON THE MAIN DECK OF THE ADRIATIC, SEVENTY-FIVE FEET LONG

THE ADRIATIC.

THE keel of the Adriatic is the last ever laid by the lamented George Steers, and we have seen a letter of his to a friend, in which he announces the event, and prophecies that the ship, when completed, will be his greatest achievement. After unusual delay, growing out of the adoption of some untried machinery, which proved to be unsatisfactory, the ship, on Monday, November 16th, made her trial trip, and performed to the entire satisfaction of her owner and invited guests; she has outlived the calumnies that have been industriously circulated to her disadvantage, and is now what her builder designed her to be—the finest specimen of naval architecture afloat.

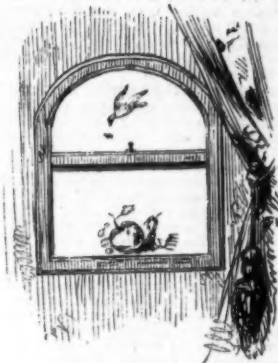
The Adriatic is the largest steamship ever built in this country, and is, without exception, the largest wooden vessel in the world. She is three hundred and fifty-four feet in length, or nine feet longer than the United States frigate Niagara; fifty feet broad, and thirty-three feet two inches in depth. She measures five thousand nine hundred tons, or seven hundred tons more than the Niagara, eight hundred more than the Vanderbilt, and two thousand nine hundred more than the Atlantic! So perfect is she

in all her proportions—so graceful in every curve, and so exquisitely modelled—that, as she sits upon the water, the spectator at a short distance would hardly give her credit for half the size. She can accommodate over three hundred first-class, and about sixty second-class passengers, and carry some two thousand tons of cargo.

Her grand dining-room on the main deck is seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and is furnished with three rows of tables. Two hundred people can here sit down to dinner at the same time. The ceiling is finished in oak, the beams being supported on pilasters with angle trusses, representing heads of different animals, and ornamented with clusters of fruits and flowers. On either side of the apartment are twelve windows, the glass of which is stained with pictures, flowers, fruits, and birds; while the space between the windows is divided into forty-two panels, adorned with groups of fruit, flowers, fish, and game, worked in oak-dyed papier-mâché, but resembling very closely elaborately-carved oak. The seats in the dining-room are upholstered in rich crimson velvet, and the curtains are of heavy silk. Our most beautiful picture will give some faint idea of this magnificent apartment, that really has nothing

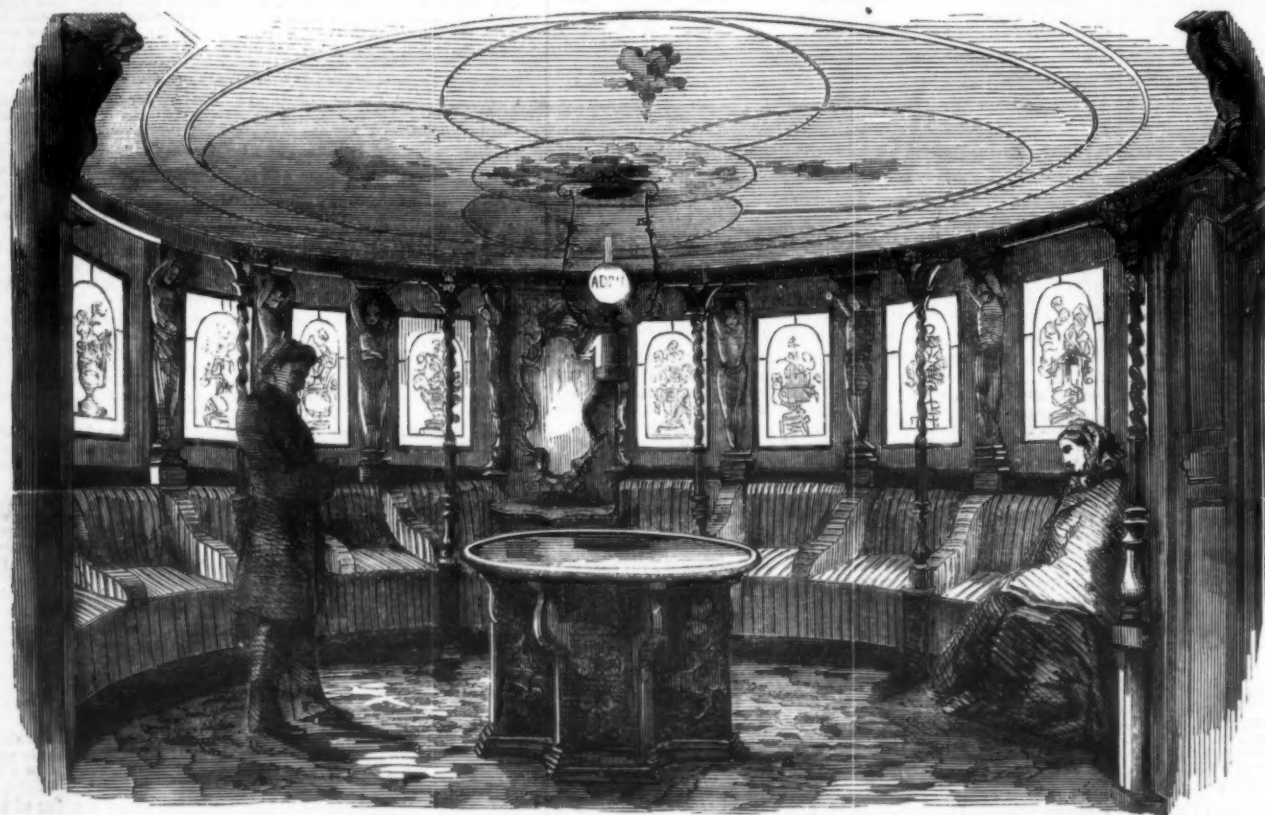
superior to it in the proudest palaces of the world. The smoking-room is fitted up in exquisite taste, and will accommodate sixty persons; it is on the same deck, together with the store-rooms of the stewards and other officers. The second class passengers' dining-room is forward on the same deck, and though not equally splendid in decorations with the main saloon, is most comfortable in its appointments, and will accommodate forty persons.

The star-deck has the grand first class saloon, which rivals the dining-room in splendor. Its sides are occupied by one hundred and thirty state-rooms, broken at every twelve feet by alcoves; and the ceiling is painted in imitation of fresco, and adorned with gilt diamonded ornaments, through which a constant ven-



WINDOW ORNAMENT IN THE DINING SALOON.

tilation is kept up. Paintings, covered with thick plate glass, are let into the panels at regular intervals; while around them inlaid woods, marbles, bronzes, and gold



THE AFTER PART OF THE LADIES' SALOON, STEAMSHIP ADRIATIC.



PANEL ORNAMENT IN THE LADIES' SALOON.

are lavishly bestowed. A soft light streaming through the stained windows gives to the room quite an imposing appearance. (Continued on page 410.)

THE COLLIS LINE STEAMSHIP "ALBATROSS," THE LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT IN THE UNITED STATES, 324 FEET IN LENGTH AND 60 FEET WIDE.



THE ADRIATIC.

(Concluded from page 408.)

On the same deck, and past the forward smoke-stack, are the rooms for the second-cabin passengers. In the bow, on the deck below, are store-rooms and berths for the waiters and other servants. On this deck the cargo will be stowed. The lowest, or coal-deck, is entirely of iron, and the engine and boiler-rooms are covered with the same material.

The propelling power of the Adriatic is composed of two of the largest oscillating engines ever built, each of one hundred inch cylinder, a twelve inch stroke, a nominal power of fifteen hundred, and an actual horse power of three thousand. The furnaces require from fifty to sixty firemen and coal-passers, and no less than six engineers will be required to attend the engines. The wheels are each forty feet in diameter and twelve feet fall, and have a dip from eight to nine feet. Altogether, the ponderous massiveness of the machinery strikes the beholder with awe.

On her recent trial trip her engines performed to the entire satisfaction of all on board. The greatest speed the vessel at any time attained was from a point measured from Sandy Hook to a given point off Governor's Island, when it was ascertained that she had made eighteen nautical miles, and twenty-one statute miles, in one hour and four minutes, and when not employing not more than two-thirds of the engines' available power. So fast was the speed, that the Adriatic easily passed the Staten Island steamers and tugs, which tried in vain to keep up with her, yet she made comparatively little swell, so faultless is her keel in form. The ship was loaded on her trip with nine hundred tons of coal, and drew twenty feet of water.

The Adriatic sailed for Liverpool at the beginning of this week on her first trip across the Atlantic. Her departure was witnessed by admiring thousands, who wished the magnificent vessel a safe trip, a speedy return, and a success such as will meet the expectations of her owners and the American public.

MILICENT, THE MILD.

In the days when I was younger, both in spirit and in years, When my hours were over-brimmed with smiles, and had not room for tears, I had a dear companion, quite too old to be a child, Yet hardly grown to womanhood, named Milcent, the mild.

She had wealth of auburn tresses, and a pair of saint-like eyes Looking out from silken lashes, with a kind of sweet surprise; And her words were pearls of language, and the stars she would Had rarer gems than ever were on Balkis' forehead bound.

When my spirit was world-weary, when my heart was sad with care, She would ask me simple questions, with so innocent an air, That I folded back the portals of the Castle of Delight, And talked to her as one might talk were angel ones in sight.

Sitting in the shade of alders in the pleasant summer times, I would tell her feudal stories, I would tell her wondrous rhymes; And I very well remember, as though it were but yesterday, Of the pleased looks she gave me when I read of Duchess May.

Duchess May whose love so holy, Duchess May whose love so strong, Has come down to us for comfort on the sweeping tide of song; And I (oh, how well) remember how her fair face looked divine When she said, "Such love as Duchess May's in years hence shall be mine!"

But one day her arms were folded, nunlike, on her quiet breast; And though "little birds sang east," and though "little birds sang west," And though I stood long in waiting in the presence of the child, She noticed neither them nor me—dead Milcent, the mild.

"Such love as Duchess May's," she said, "in years hence shall be mine—" I often say this over as I muse at memory's shrine; But she keeps other love than her's—such love as angels hold, Who kneel before the great white throne, and strike their lips of gold;

And I go to the little grave, as some go to a shrine, And sit and think what "might have been" for her life and for mine, Had not the archer's arrow pierced the white heart of the child, And set the loving spirit free of Milcent, the mild.

THE KING OF THE PEAK;

OR,

THE HIDDEN MINE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT could Menella mean when she spoke of her secret sorrows?" murmured Adolphe to himself, as on leaving his hiding-place he hurried along a by-path, the better to escape observation. "These few words struck me more than the secret revelations I have just heard! Egad! I begin to think that a secret attachment to me is the cause of Menella's sorrow! *Hinc ille lachrymæ!* (Hence those tears!)" So then, Michael Raymond really possesses a gold mine! Yes, and it appears that others are upon the alert to pounce upon this treasure! The mountaineer's real or supposed crime has put them all upon the *qui vive*. Well, I always thought that rascally lawyer had an interest in all this; then that hypocritical monk, and that knavish schoolmaster! How they tried to profit by the poor girl's distraction to get possession of her secret, and extort a promise from her. How admirably that old monk played the saint until his avarice got the better of him; I have seen nothing off the stage at all to be compared to it. It is high time now that I put my machinery in motion. If the girl likes me, the chances are greatly in my favor. I would marry her, and I should have the gold mine. Yes, but Geraldine! Ah! there's the rub! What could have induced me to run away with that little simpleton! Oh, Adolphe, Adolphe, what a fool thou hast made of thyself! The knot, however, is not yet tied; the contract is signed, but one can always break a contract. Nothing venture, nothing have! I might lose all, and yet if Menella really loves me, I might gain all; it is a simple question of chance. Well! 'All or none,' say I. But does the girl love me? That is the question."

Whilst he thus meditated, he saw to his surprise Menella rapidly approaching. She had selected this route for the same reason as himself. Muffled in her cloak, and absorbed in thought, she had very nearly passed without observing him.

"Already on foot, my fair cousin," cried Adolphe gaily. "Happy the man whose fortunate lot it might be to meet you in this wilderness of shade otherwise than by mere accident; happy—thrice happy the mortal!"

But a glance from Menella stopped him.

"I do not understand this high-flown hyperbole, monsieur," she replied, with a slight touch of sarcasm in her tone; "excuse me, I cannot stop; my father has, doubtless, already remarked my absence."

"Permit me, then, to offer you my arm," said Adolphe, with exquisite politeness.

The young girl took his arm with an embarrassed air, and they proceeded a few steps in silence. The chevalier saw that his usual jargon with women would not avail him in this instance. He therefore resolved to try the affectionate.

"My dear cousin," he said tenderly, "I have remarked since yesterday that you seem a prey to some violent sorrow."

"It is true," replied Menella, with characteristic frankness.

"In that case," he added, without evincing the least surprise at this candid avowal, "my claims as a relative and friend entitle me to your confidence. Will you not impart to me the cause of your sorrow?"

"I will not!" said Menella.

"Do you then doubt my zeal and devotion to serve you?" cried the chevalier, observing her fortively.

"Let us dismiss this topic, monsieur," said Menella, with a slight accent of bitterness. "I should be sorry to sadden you with my sorrows on a day which ought to be a happy one for you, a day on which you are to lead to the altar one whom you have so long, so deeply loved. In a few hours you will be united to her by indissoluble ties, then you will both quit these mountains, and return to that life of luxury and pleasure to which you are devoted. You will no longer think of those whom you met by chance in this obscure valley."

"And who assures you that it will be so, Menella? Who tells you that I can so easily forget dear friends, and return again with gusto to that frivolous life of which you speak? Who tells you that I have really decided to marry Mademoiselle de Blanchefort?"

"Is not everything prepared for the ceremony?" said Menella, with forced calmness. "Is not our house decked as for a *fête*, when affliction is about to enter it, perhaps for ever. Does not my father rejoice at your approaching happiness at a moment when a direful misfortune hangs over his head? Is not your betrothed awaiting you in her bridal dress? Is not the priest ready to ascend the altar?"

"But am I ready, Menella? Look at me! Is this the costume of a happy bridegroom about to lead to the altar a beloved bride?"

Menella stopped suddenly; her features displayed extraordinary animation. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "I do not understand you."

"I speak plainly, nevertheless," replied the chevalier, carefully noting the effect of his words; "this marriage will not take place!"

Menella trembled violently; her face changed alternately from white to red. She tried in vain to conceal her emotion. "And—why not?" she faltered.

"Because I no longer love Geraldine de Blanchefort," said the chevalier, who was now convinced that his suspicions were correct. "Because I love another more worthy of my love."

Menella made no reply; the chevalier took her hand, which she did not withdraw.

"Listen, Menella," he resumed; "would there not be danger in uniting my fate to one whose past faults would make me incessantly fear for the future? She deceived her father, and she may deceive me! Since I have had the happiness of seeing a young girl of these mountains, pure and austere as a saint, a stranger to every frivolous idea, I have felt but contempt for the vain inconstant woman whom I have known in crowded cities. I will wed only the girl I speak of, a simple and noble creature whose whole life would be a guarantee for the future. Menella, I will love her with all the strength of my soul!"

"Had I the happiness to obtain the hand of such a woman," said Adolphe, "my whole life would be devoted to her. If she loved pleasure and *débauché*, I would render her existence so brilliant that she would be the envy of her sex. If she preferred the more peaceful joys of domestic life, I would share them with her. My pride would be to please her, and my happiness would be to succeed in so doing! Do you understand me, Menella?"

This direct avowal seemed to arouse Menella from the torpor in which she was plunged. She snatched her hand away, cast a scornful glance upon the chevalier, and abruptly left him.

"Menella! Menella!" he cried, hastily following her.

"Monsieur de Peyras," she said, in a firm and decided tone, turning and waving him back by an imperious gesture, "your hand is no longer at your own disposal; you cannot, without infamy, offer it to another; another cannot accept it without remorse and shame. With regard to myself, I will tell you frankly what I think of you. When I beheld you for the first time, I felt what I had never before experienced. I seemed to recognize in you the ideal being whom my imagination had endowed with every noble attribute. It was a kind of attachment at first sight; and yet, strange to say, it seemed like an old friendship renewed; it was a sudden prepossession, yet it was one which at the time might have made me sacrifice my dearest interests to yours. Be not proud of this impression, monsieur, for I only experienced it by surprise, and I have struggled against it with all the strength of my soul. Who knows if I should have succeeded in altogether stifling it if you had left here but mementoes of honor and loyalty? But now that you have dissolved the charm, now that you have revealed to me the utter baseness of your nature, this is what I have to say to you. Behold yonder rock, which rises perpendicularly upon the flank of the Pelvoux! Well, Menella de Peyras would rather precipitate herself from its summit than be your wife!" Thus saying she drew her mantle around her, and continued her route as if disdaining further parley.

The infuriated chevalier again hastily followed her, and said, with quivering lips, "I perceive, mademoiselle, that you hate me. You have outraged me as no other person has ever outraged the Chevalier de Peyras. Methinks you might have been more chary of your words, out of consideration for others upon whom my anger may fall."

"If you allude to the poor girl whom you have so shamefully deceived," replied Menella, without turning her head, "remember that there will be danger as well as cruelty in refusing her the reparation that you have promised!"

"I will brave the peril and the shame!" exclaimed the chevalier; "but you have not altogether caught my meaning, my haughty one; I will know your father's secret, I swear to you, now that your disdainful behavior has freed me from all scruples and obligations. Yes, I will know where this gold mine is from whence you derive the immense fortune that makes you so proud."

Menella had a moment's weakness. Nothing which the chevalier had said seemed to affect her so painfully as this menace. A tear trickled down her pale cheek.

"Oh! cruel, ungenerous man!" she murmured, in broken tones, "your very passion for me then was feigned! It was not me whom you loved, but my father's gold mine. Adolphe, Adolphe, why did you not permit me to think some time longer that affection alone could make you trample sacred duties under foot?"

"Ah!" he cried, with malignant joy, "you have betrayed yourself, Menella; you still love me, I am sure of it."

Upon hearing this triumphant cry, Menella instantly recovered from her momentary weakness, and replied, with flashing eyes, "I despise you! I despise you!"

They proceeded some moments in silence, when the young girl said, in a more subdued tone, "Monsieur de Peyras, we are about to return to the house of one who has been your protector, your benefactor, and your friend. Beware how you add ingratitude to your other sins; pause before you carry into effect the menaces you uttered in a moment of anger. Above all, fulfil your engagement to Mademoiselle de Blanchefort. You are bound by all the laws of honor to do so. She has done nothing to merit an outrage; my father would never forgive such an indignity."

"And, yet, mademoiselle," said Adolphe, morosely, "I am resolved to break off this marriage, unless within an hour you reveal to me where this gold mine is!"

Menella was about to reply, when on turning an angle of the road they perceived a crowd of people standing opposite Michael Raymond's residence. Loud cries and calls for assistance were heard within; Menella and the chevalier redoubled their steps. At that instant Mademoiselle de Blanchefort left the house in her bridal attire and rushed towards them, pale as death. "Hasten! hasten!" she cried, clasping her hands with terror, "your presence may perhaps avert some frightful catastrophe!"

They rushed into the house, in which at that moment all was disorder and confusion.

CHAPTER IX.

We must now state what passed in Michael Raymond's house while the chevalier and Menella were at the other extremity of the village. About an hour after sunrise the king of the Peak was seated in his private room, examining the contents of a massive oak chest which contained a large amount of treasure in gold, when to his astonishment Renaud knocked at the door, stating that he had an important communication to make.

"I receive no visitors here," replied Michael Raymond, bluntly, as he hastily closed and locked the chest; "I will hear what you have to say in the reception room."

"We are liable to be interrupted there," persisted the lawyer.

"I would rather see you in your private room."

"Be it so then," said the mountaineer, as he reluctantly unbolted the door. Renaud looked carefully around him as he entered, and his eye rested upon the oak chest.

"Now to what am I to attribute the honor of this early visit?" said the mountaineer, drily. "We squared accounts yesterday, and I paid you what I conceived to be an adequate remuneration for your professional services in behalf of our young friends."

"Your princely generosity on that occasion, my kind host," replied the lawyer, with an embarrassed air, "only makes me feel more poignantly the painful duties I have still to perform."

"I can't conceive what you allude to," said Michael Raymond. "Have not our united efforts been crowned with success? Are not the young folks to be married this very day, with the full consent of the marquis?"

"True," replied Renaud, without looking his interrogator in the

face; "and that business being satisfactorily arranged, it is now time that you occupied yourself a little with your own affairs."

"What mean you, Master Renaud?" said the mountaineer, frowning. "It seems to me that I am the best judge of the precise degree of attention I ought to bestow upon my own affairs."

"That may be," replied the lawyer, with increased assurance; "but it strikes me very forcibly that I have a right to interfere in a certain affair which concerns you personally—I allude to Lapierre's death!"

"Well," resumed the mountaineer, with surprise, "in what possible way can that event affect me? I have stated all I knew about the matter in the *procès-verbal*; what more remains for me to do? You have undertaken to lay the document before the authorities of Grenoble, and it is for them to decide whether there is any occasion to order an inquest upon the death of this vagabond."

"You forget, monsieur, that in the *procès-verbal* you have yourself admitted the possibility that this *vagabond*, as you call him, may have come to his death by unfair means; and you may take my word for it that the authorities will attach due weight to that insinuation."

"Why, God bless my soul!" cried the perplexed mountaineer, "it was you who insisted upon this point; I left it to your legal experience to draw up the document in a proper manner. Besides, what matters it to me whether they investigate the matter or not; my mission is finished."

"I much fear that all is not yet finished, as far as you are concerned," replied the lawyer, eyeing him askance.

"Explain yourself," said the mountaineer, drily.

"My generous host," replied the lawyer in a wheedling tone, "I grieve to press this matter against you, but my duty leaves me no alternative; in a word, then, you are suspected of having murdered Lapierre!"

"Are you mad, or merely a fool?" said the mountaineer, disdainfully, as he pointed to the door.

"Neither one nor the other," replied the lawyer, "as you will perhaps presently find to your cost."

"Proceed, my benevolent friend," said the mountaineer, crossing his legs with nonchalance; "the plot thickens, and I am curious to hear what more you have to say upon such an interesting topic. You have made a charge—it is for you to substantiate it."

"There is no direct testimony that Lapierre was assassinated, I admit," said the lawyer, tapping his snuff box; "but if it can be proved that this man was the possessor of a secret which interested the most influential person in the country, and that on the day preceding the murder that same person threatened to throw Lapierre over a precipice, which is precisely the death he died, I think my facetious friend will admit that there are ample grounds for a prosecution."

"Who has dared to tell you that I ever menaced Lapierre?" demanded Michael Raymond, turning extremely pale.

"Hush!" said the lawyer, in a low tone; "I had it from Lapierre himself; besides, you cannot have forgotten the rude altercation you had with him in the presence of your guests, and that, too, on the very day preceding the murder. Your violent conduct on that occasion made it palpable to all that an old grudge existed between you."

"And do you suppose, Mr. Lawyer," cried the mountaineer, striving to retain his self-possession, "that upon such vague testimony they would tax with murder a man whose probity is so well known as mine—the *bailli* of this village—the protector, the support of sixty families—he whom they call the king of the Peak?"

"At the same time you must admit that appearances are very much against you," replied the lawyer, coolly. "Besides what I have adduced, besides this *procès-verbal*, which of itself tells against you, there exists, unhappily, a written declaration by Lapierre himself, dated the day preceding his death, to the effect that you had threatened to throw, or cause him to be thrown by your people into some abyss of these mountains. I don't know if I repeat the exact words, but here is a copy of the document; read it, and judge for yourself."

Michael Raymond took it and ran his eye over it with a bewildered air. "I am in a maze," he cried with anguish. "How came you by this paper?"

"You shall hear," said the lawyer, taking a quiet pinch of snuff. "The day this knife-grinder arrived at your house he applied to me as a professional man to draw up a declaration, which he said required the greatest secrecy. As I was to leave for Lyons early the following morning, he agreed to await me at the natural arch, where he made and signed the statement of which you have a copy; he declares therein that you had threatened to take his life, to prevent him from disclosing an important secret which concerned you personally; and that in case he died a violent death you ought to be held responsible, as you, and you only, were interested in his disappearance. In the event of his fears being realized, he delegated me to cause you to be arrested as his murderer; I accepted the mission, and it is my duty to act up to it!"

"It is clear, then," he resumed, "that I have it in my power to put you under the ban of a capital accusation, and even supposing you save your life, your reputation will be for ever blasted. It is also equally obvious that in the event of a prosecution, the secret which Lapierre partly discovered would be entirely revealed, and you would be dispossessed of this inestimable gold mine in the king's name. Shake not your head; I am sure the mine exists. Come, come, my dear Raymond," he added in an insinuating tone, "let us see if we cannot arrange this unfortunate business on terms of mutual advantage. I don't wish to drive a very hard bargain with you; it is of the utmost importance to you to stifle the affair, and we can stifle it. I have the original documents in my pocket, and they are yours the moment we perfectly understand each other."

"I begin to see through this intrigue," replied Michael Raymond, in a gloomy tone. "I congratulate Master Renaud on having thrown aside the mask and sounded those high sounding words, *duty* and *conscience*. If I speak to the devil I like him to show himself with his cloven hoofs!"

"That may be, but I suspect you would see nothing of his cloven hoofs until he saw he had you in his power," replied the lawyer, sarcastically; "take the change out of that!"

"What do you demand as the price of these papers and your silence?" inquired the mountaineer, with forced calmness.

"I ask but little under the circumstances," replied the lawyer, whose eyes gleamed with triumphant joy, "and what I am about to propose will, I think, meet your entire approbation. I have at length seen a woman who I think would suit me. I am some years her senior, but what of that? A sensible, steady man of my age and experience would be a more suitable husband for a certain young lady I could name than one of the giddy young popinjays whom one meets with at every turn. Well! do you comprehend?"

The mountaineer pushed his chair violently back. "Am I to understand that you demand my daughter's hand as the price of your silence?"

"As the price of your fortune, your honor, and your life!" replied Renaud. "Remember that you are entirely in my power. I have only to say the word, and you are imprisoned, tried, and perhaps condemned to an infamous death!"

"Have you anything more to say?" demanded the mountaineer.

"Nothing," replied Renaud; "save that with respect to the gold mine I shall expect to be your partner."

The mountaineer, unable any longer to restrain himself, suddenly sprang upon the lawyer, seized him by the throat, and nearly smothered the breath out of his body. "My daughter to thee, wretch!" he cried, in a voice of thunder; "my noble, high-minded, generous Menella, to a vile, sneaking, pettifogging intriguer like thee! Repulse! Dost think that even to purchase my life, I would consent to sacrifice my beloved child? Curses on thee!—thou thoughtest to frighten me, thou hast dared to menace me!"

"Help! murder! help!" screamed the half-strutted lawyer. "Do you mean to assassinate me as you assassinated Lapierre? Help! help!"

It was at this moment that Menella entered, followed by the Chevalier de Peyras, Mademoiselle de Blanchefort, and a crowd of mountaineers, who nearly filled the room.

"Withdraw, my dear child," cried Michael Raymond, hastily approaching his daughter; "leave me to treat as he deserves a wretch who has dared to accuse me of murder."

"My father," said the young girl, gravely, and without evincing the least surprise, "if this accusation be false, why raise your hand against the accuser?"

"If it is false!" repeated Michael Raymond, receding a step.

"My father," said Menella, "what I meant to imply is this—is it not wiser to refute a calumny than to insult the calumniator?"

"Right!" cried Renaud, taking courage; "but in this case it is easier to deny facts than to disprove them. Read, read, and judge for yourself, mademoiselle," he added, picking up the papers which Michael Raymond had thrown to the ground and handing them to Menella. The young girl took the papers with a shudder, and such was her agitation that she did not perceive the chevalier was reading them over her shoulder. Every eye was fixed upon her; a deep silence reigned around.

At length said Geraldine, with timidity, "There is some unhappy mistake here. Mind what you are about, Monsieur Renaud. My father will call you to a severe account for behaving thus to friends who received me kindly in my misfortune. I am ignorant what these papers contain; but I will venture to say beforehand that no one here shares your suspicions. We all know the loyalty, the noble disposition, the lofty virtue of Michael Raymond! What motive, however great, would induce such a man to abjure fifty years of probity?"

"Thanks, thanks, my generous young friend," murmured the king of the Peak, while two tears rolled slowly down his honest face, "that is what my daughter should have said in your place." He then averted his face to conceal the grief which his daughter's apparent indifference had caused him.

At this moment the chevalier, who had glanced his eye over the papers at the same time as Menella, murmured in her ear, "These proofs are overwhelming. Promise me your hand and the gold mine. I will slay Renaud—I will wrest from him these papers, I will save your father." Menella smiled with disdain; the chevalier retired biting his lips; but at the same instant another voice murmured in her ear, "Your hand or the gold mine, and I destroy these papers."

"Neither one nor the other," replied Menella, recognising Renaud's voice. The lawyer disappeared in the crowd, when a third person said, "Mademoiselle, I am here. Assume the possession of this gold mine, and from that instant your father shall be sheltered from all pursuit." Menella turned, and perceived the old prior of Lauteret leaning on the schoolmaster's arm. She smiled with melancholy, but made no reply.

The chevalier, notwithstanding his selfish project, was not insensible to the dishonor which menaced his relative; moreover, he perceived that he had a formidable rival in the lawyer, who was pursuing the same end as himself.

"These papers are evident forgeries, Master Renaud," cried Adolphe, impetuously; "and were you as much a man of spirit as you are a base fomentor of intrigues, I would make you acknowledge at the sword's point that you have knowingly uttered a tissue of falsehoods to accomplish some sordid project of your own."

This flourish of trumpets was received with a murmur of applause.

"My brave young gentleman," replied the lawyer, with a sardonic smile, "it is useless to throw down the gauntlet in this fierce manner, when you well know that I cannot take it up. An old lawyer like me, and a young Hotspur like you, cannot cross swords together; it would be too ridiculous for both. But why this discussion in this place? Why should the accused defend himself before me as if I were a judge? I neither sought nor wished for this exposure; I was quite disposed to hush the matter up, if the culprit in his blind fury had not betrayed himself. The best advice I can now give him is to cross the frontier promptly before a warrant of arrest is issued against him."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Michael Raymond, rising; "I will await the judgment of men. I am innocent."

"If any one can save us, let him come forward," cried Menella, in a loud voice. "I accept his conditions, whatever they may be."

"I am the culprit," exclaimed a voice, in tremulous accents, at the other end of the room.

At the same instant the schoolmaster, accompanied by the prior of Lauteret, advanced into the centre of the assembly. "Let no one be accused of the knife-grinder's murder," he added. "I alone am responsible for his death; I alone precipitated him into the gulf of La Grave!"

"You?" cried many voices, in a breath.

"Even so," he replied. "But I hasten to add that the deed was not a premeditated one, but the result of a struggle, in which I gained the mastery. The facts are briefly these: I was walking near the natural arch, on the morning of the accident, when I perceived Lapierre and Monsieur Renaud in earnest conversation near the same spot. I watched them at a distance; I saw Lapierre sign a paper, and hand it to the lawyer. Anxious to know what was going on, I quickened my steps; but when I reached the spot, Renaud had disappeared, and the knife-grinder was seated alone on the roadside. I will frankly confess that on the morning in question I was in that neighborhood by design, and not by mere accident. I knew that Lapierre would pass that way; I knew that he possessed a secret of the highest importance for him who could discover it. I pressed him with questions; he replied by insult, and swore he would be revenged for the kick I had given him the previous evening. A struggle ensued, and he struck me the first blow; I returned it with all my strength; he staggered over the edge of the abyss, and disappeared."

"A trumped-up story, to turn suspicion from the right quarter!" cried Renaud, who saw his authority over Michael Raymond about to escape him.

"It is a true statement, and I can verify it," said the old prior, in an impressive voice. "I was seeking medicinal plants in the neighborhood of the precipice, when I saw these two men engaged in a desperate struggle. After the catastrophe I ran to assist Lapierre, but he was beyond the reach of mortal aid; he had fallen three hundred feet, and was frightfully mutilated. I found the schoolmaster leaning over the body; I witnessed his tears and regrets. He was apprehensive of being accused of murder; and such was his terror that I had compassion upon him. I promised not to reveal what I had seen, unless some innocent person was accused of the crime. This morning I learnt that a good man, whose reputation is spotless, was suspected of having murdered Lapierre. I then forced the schoolmaster to come forward and tell the truth, whatever the consequences might be."

All listened to this recital with intense interest; and Menella, laying her hand upon the prior's arm, said, "Is this really true?"

"I swear it before God and man," he solemnly replied.

Menella now experienced an agony of sorrow and remorse, and she murmured, "I then alone am culpable, for I suspected my father." She trembled with agitation as she uttered these few words, and the tone of her voice was broken as when the heart suffers; she cast one appealing glance towards her father, and then threw herself at his feet. "Oh! my father!" she cried, "pardon, pardon!"

"My beloved child, my darling Menella," said Michael Raymond, raising her to his bosom, and struggling hard to retain his composure, "have I need to pardon thee? Were not appearances against me?"

There was scarcely a dry eye in the room during this touching scene. At length Menella gently released herself from her father's arms, and turning towards the assembly said in an imperious tone, "Let every one retire; what remains for me to say to my father must only be heard by him."

Those of an inferior condition hastily obeyed this mandate, but the others withdrew more slowly, and each on passing whispered a few words in Menella's ear.

CHAPTER X.

"FATHER," said Menella, emphatically, when every one had retired, "the prescribed moment has arrived; the time has come to accomplish the oath which you took at my grandfather's deathbed; the time has come to renounce for ever this immense treasure which was only to exist for the happiness of men."

"Nay, Menella," he replied, with anguish, "there is nothing in our present situation which seems to me to call for extreme measures. It is true that this odious lawyer had prepared a trap for me, but the truth has come out in spite of him."

"Father," cried the young girl, with fervor, "let me remind you of the mournful scene which you have often told me of, when the good Bernard rendered up his soul to Him who gave it. You knelt beside his deathbed; a crucifix and an open Bible were before you; you then swore—and you undertook to exact the same oath from your wife and children—never to reveal to an imprudent or wicked person the existence of the treasure which was bequeathed to you; you swore to annihilate it the instant it seemed likely to fall into hands which would make an improper use of it. At that solemn moment you demanded of Bernard by what signs you and your descendants were to judge that this treasure was about to become fatal to humanity. Then the dying man raised himself in his bed and said, 'My son, when your child shall deem you capable of committing a crime; when your friend shall betray you; when he whom

you have loaded with benefits shall requite them with insults and ingratitude; when snares shall multiply beneath your feet, and evil passions rage like tempests around you; when the old man shall dishonor his gray hairs; when the husband shall betray the wife, and the priest betray his God—that, my son, will be the proof that the prescribed moment has arrived;' and having uttered these words, Bernard fell back dead upon his pillow."

"Why recall these painful remembrances, my child?" said Michael Raymond, dashing away a tear.

"Because, my father, the precursory signs announced by Bernard have manifested themselves; because now that your secret is known, crimes and treasons accumulate around us; because the old man dishonor his gray hairs, the husband repudiates his wife, the priest blasphemes his God, and to sum up all, has not your daughter almost cursed you in her heart? Yes, yes, the day is come. It is necessary to counteract the fatal influence which one day or another will bring ruin upon all in this modest corner of the world. And moreover, do you not at length find that it is too heavy a charge for a good and simple man like you to be the dispenser of this gold, which produces both good and evil on the earth? Father, you have done sufficient good with this treasure; take care henceforth that you do no evil."

"Menella," said Michael Raymond, after a few moments' reflection, "I am ready to keep that oath which I exacted from you, and which it may one day become your duty to exact from your children. This promise is ever present to my memory, but I do not believe the moment has yet come to renounce the immense power which my father's discovery gives me. Gold, thou hast said, is the cause of both good and evil, but in this instance the good has predominated, and I should commit a fault in depriving myself of a powerful means of acting upon the destinies of men. Under existing circumstances Bernard, misanthropic as he was, would not have counselled me to take the extreme measure you speak of, for sure am I the blessings of the wretched would have prevented him as much as myself from paying attention to the imprecations of the ungrateful. No, no, Menella, I must not yet decide upon this sacrifice. Reflect, my child, upon what I have done, and upon what I shall still do. Look," he added, glowingly, as he drew her to the window, from whence they perceived the pretty village and its smiling valley, "see what incredible wonders I have accomplished with this gold! I have converted a desert into a terrestrial paradise. I have established abundance and peace where I found only misery and desolation. I have called an entire population into this once uninhabitable corner of the earth. Look at my brave mountaineers congregated together on the square; remark the anxiety depicted on their honest faces because they know that a passing cloud has obscured our felicity. God bless them! Women, children, old men, all love us like members of their own family, because their prosperity is our work, because we have made for them this tranquil retreat, loading them with benefits. Look, Menella, they have just perceived us at the window; listen to their joyful exclamations, they are calling down blessings on our heads."

Menella rose; she took the mountaineer's hand, and laying her head upon his shoulder, said with an air of excessive gentleness, "you are good, my father, and your heart is filled with benevolent thoughts. You see but friends and brothers in those who surround you. Put not your trust in any of them, for the worst sort of people," as Pierre Dominique said in speaking of the prior of Lauteret, "are often those who affect to be the best." I am inclined to think, from facts which have just come to my knowledge, that there is a great deal of truth in this remark. Those whose probity you esteem the highest, and whom you have loaded with benefits, are at this moment plotting against your peace and happiness; their friendship is all a cheat, their words are hypocrisy, their smiles deceit. In their eagerness to obtain individual possession of this fatal gold mine they have revealed themselves to me in their true characters. They menace each other openly. Like hungry dogs contending for a bone, they are ready to rend each other to pieces to obtain the golden prize they look for. 'Tis the thirst for gold which makes these men so savage! My father, have you no fear of the evil passions which will soon be let loose to rage like a roaring tempest around you? Do you not see that the moment has arrived to quell this rising storm? Rest satisfied with the good you have already done."

"My dear child," replied Michael Raymond, dejectedly, "your words have brought conviction to my mind in spite of myself. I have indeed already suspected that the fatal influence you speak of has corrupted the hearts around me. I no longer find gratitude where I have a right to expect it. No one seems satisfied with what I have done for him. Those whom I have made rich extend their itching palms for more, and even the most timid have become exacting and menacing. Yet I will avow to you, I entertained the hope that my young relative Adolphe de Peyras was not accessible to any sentiment of mean cupidity."

Menella briefly related what had taken place that morning at Pierre Dominique's house; and the conversation which she had had with the chevalier a few minutes afterwards.

"So then," cried the king of the Peak indignantly, "not one has felt grateful for my past services! That the sordid mind of an underbred fellow like Renaud should be excited on hearing that I was the possessor of an inestimable treasure, does not surprise me; but that a giddy young nobleman should have carried his love for gold to the very verge of infamy—that an aged priest, with one foot in the grave, should have leagued himself with a wretched pedagogue to oblige me to make terms with them, exceeds all belief, and is enough to make one hate his species. Did you not say, Menella, that they awaited your answer at this moment?" he added, in a calmer tone.

"They await it, my father," replied the young girl with bitterness, "as the famished wild beast awaits his prey, with impatience and fury."

"Very well, they shall hear it from my lips," said Michael Raymond. "But the hour is approaching, and it is time, my daughter, to make our preparations for this wedding."

"But, my father, you forget that Monsieur de Peyras has manifested a repugnance to this marriage."

"I know a way to decide him," said Michael Raymond, with a melancholy smile. "This passion which he has so suddenly felt for you cannot be very deep, and will be no obstacle to the accomplishment of his duty."

Menella blushed and hung down her head. "My father," she replied with timidity, "I will ask one favor of you; permit me to absent myself from this marriage. The fatigue and emotions of the day—"

"Enough, my child, I will make your excuses. Retire now; it is time I dressed myself to conduct this poor young girl to the altar. As to the rest, keep your mind at ease, I will arrange all these matters which seem so intricate. I will at one blow appease all these tumultuous passions."

"How so, my father," demanded Menella.

"In accomplishing the oath I made to Baron Bernard," replied Michael Raymond.

A few minutes after this interview Michael Raymond descended into the reception room, dressed in a suit of black, which he wore only on days of ceremony. He took aside separately Renaud, the chevalier, and Pierre Dominique, who were all watching the favorable moment to speak to him; he whispered a few words to each, and from that instant the most perfect harmony reigned, as if by enchantment, in the assembly. When they left for the church, the bride, comforted by a few affectionate words, was almost smiling, and the bridegroom appeared gallant and happy. Michael Raymond himself was serene and calm, and the mountaineers, happy at this unlooked-for change after the terrors of the morning, uttered exclamations of joy as the cortège passed them. It was under these auspices that the union of the Chevalier de Peyras and Mademoiselle de Blanchefort was blessed by the Prior of Lauteret in the little chapel of the village of the Peak.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STRANGE EVENT NEAR ROME.—A singular incident is mentioned as having occurred about twenty-five miles from Rome, at a country place called Sabina, near the Fiano district. Some laborers were at work in a basin-shaped hollow, when they suddenly felt a shaking of the earth like an earthquake, which caused them to run off to a distance. They then saw the earth open in the place they had left, and a black smoke rise; the surrounding ground seemed to fall in and the place filled with water, forming a lake of about one thousand metres, which has been increasing daily in size ever since. The water is salt, and the general idea seems to be that the hollow just filled is the site of an extinct volcano.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

NAPOLEON once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria—

"Francis is an old granny."

Some friend repeated the remark to Marie Louise. The Empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand.

"Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?"

The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered, with his most serious air,

"It means, madame, it means a venerable sage."

HINTS HOW TO ENJOY AN OMNIBUS.

1. On getting in, care neither for toes nor knees of the passengers, but drive your way up to the top, steadying yourself by the shoulders, chest, or even face, of those seated.

2. Seat yourself with a jerk, pushing against one neighbor, and thrusting your elbow into the side of the other. You will thus get plenty of room.

3. If possible, enter with a stick or umbrella, pointed at full length, so that any sudden movement of the "bus" may thrust it into some one's stomach. It will make you feared.

4. When seated, occupy, if possible, the room of two, and reverse the treatment you have received on entering by throwing every opposition in the way of a new comer, especially if it be a woman with a child in her arms. It is a good plan to rest firmly on your umbrella, with your arms at right angles.

5. Open or shut windows as it suits you; men with colds or women with toothaches, have no business in omnibuses. If they don't like it, they can get out; no one forces them to ride.

6. Young bucks may stare any decent woman out of countenance, put their legs along the seats, and if going out to dinner, wipe the mud off their boots on the seats. They are only pluck.

7. If middle-aged gentlemen are musical or political, they can dislocate a tune in something between a bark and a grumble, or end-avor to provoke an argument by declaring very loudly that Mayor W.—or the Secretary of State "is a thorough scoundrel," according to their opinion of public affairs. If this don't take, they can keep up a perpetual squabble with the driver, which will show they think themselves of some importance.

8. Ladies wishing to be agreeable can bring lapdogs, large paper parcels, and children, to whom an omnibus is a ship, though you wish you were out of their reach.

9. Drivers should particularly aim to take up laundresses returning with a large family washing, bakers and butchers in their working jackets, and, if a wet day, should be particular not to pull up to the pathway.

10. For want of space the following brevities must suffice: Never say where you wish to stop until after you have passed the place, and then pull them up with a sudden jerk. Keep your money in your waistcoat pocket, and button your upper and under coat completely, and never attempt to get at it until the door is opened, and then let it be nothing under a five dollar bill. Never ask any one to speak to the driver for you, but hit or poke him with your umbrella or stick through the hole. Always stop the wrong omnibus, and ask if the Fourth avenue goes to Dry Dock, and the East Broadway to Hudson River station; you are not obliged to read all the signposts they paint on the outside. Finally, consider an omnibus as a carriage, a bed, a public-house, a place of amusement, or a boxing-ring, where you may ride, sleep, smoke, chaff or quarrel, as it may suit you.

WHICH of the European sovereigns would be most incommoded if the earth began to revolve on the equatorial axis? The Emperor of Russia. Because it would occasion a rising of the poles.

DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

How little we think as we travel
Through life's ups and downs, day by day,
What good each might do for his neighbor,
Did all of us go the right way;
How many a poor fellow whose talents
To elevate science would tend,
Is lost to the world's gaze for ever,
And all through the want of a friend.
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
For remember that life is but a span;
'Tis our duty to help one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

Some boast of their wealth and connections,
And look with contempt upon those
Of lower degree—quite forgetting
The means by which they perhaps rose.
So be kind to the poor and the lowly,
Ne'er utter a word that's untrue;
Prize the maxim which says, "Act to others
As you would they should act unto you."
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
Since life's after all but a span;
Let us try to assist one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

MARRIAGE.—Oh, surely marriage is a great and sacred responsibility! It is a bark in which two souls venture out on life's stormy sea, with no aid but their own to help them. The well-doing of their frail vessel must in future solely rest upon themselves. No one can take part either to mar or make their bliss or misery. From her husband alone must henceforth flow all the happiness that the wife is destined to know. He is the only being she must care to please. All other men are now to be to her but shadows glancing on the wall. And he—what is his share in the compact? How does he fulfil his promise—redeem his pledge? For does he not swear to guard and cherish, and look leniently on the faults of the gentle girl he takes to his heart. And in return for all her duty and sweet obedience, be true to her in sickness and health, in wealth and in poverty, for ever and for ever; and blessed are the unions in which those feelings are fostered and preserved.

ANTIQUITY OF PROFESSIONS.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient. "Mine," said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in law." "True," rejoined Esculapius, "but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a surgical operation." The lawyer dropped his green bag.

WHEN Dr. H— and Lawyer A— were walking arm in arm, a wag observed to a friend:

"Those two are just equal to one highwayman."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," replied the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

A JOELY fellow had an office next to a doctor's. One day an elderly gentleman of the old fogey school blundered into the wrong shop.

"Dr. X— in?"

"Don't live here," says P—, who was in the full scribble over some important papers, without looking up.

"Oh, thought this was his office."

"Next door."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me, has the doctor many patients?"

"Not living."

The old gentleman was never heard of in the vicinity, but the story was that Dr. X— threatened to sue P— for libel. However, he came to think better of it.

ON WOMAN.

Nature impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S FOOTMAN.—The faithful old-fashioned manservant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, England, told his master that, while sitting one day in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a liveried footman was lounging in an easy chair, with his heels as high as his head, for all the world like an American Congressman, legislating at his ease; and from this comfortable position he bugged not an inch at the importunate summons above mentioned. "What!" cried the primitive footman, "won't you answer the drawing-room bell?" "Not unless they p—suever," was the cool reply of his footmanship.

SHE CAME AN ANGEL BRIGHT TO ME.

She came an angel bright to me,
When hope and peace lay wreck'd
Upon life's dark and stormy sea,
By sorrow and neglect;
She came to me in my distress
A spirit from above,
She fill'd my soul with tenderness,
And won my heart to love!
She told me of a peaceful shore
Where joys for ever reign;
She bade me sigh and fear no more,
And brought me peace again;
Since then I've pass'd thro' many gales,
Seen life in roughest form,
Nor knew despair, for she was there,
My angel in the storm!

"THE FORCE OF FANCY COULD NO FURTHER GO."—An extract from the Norwich Aurora thus describes a newly-discovered cavern. The writer, with a power of imagination almost marvellous, remarks: "The air in the cavern had a peculiar smell, resembling—'Nothing.' We believe that is the identical flavor of 'Leg of Nothing and sea turnips.'"

A "READY" REPLY.—A young man, in a large company, desecrating very slightly on a subject his knowledge of which was very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "Tis Scariet," replied a gentleman who stood by. "That may be," said her grace, "and yet he is not deep red."

after the plans of M. Bonsard, one of the chief employes of the Eastern Company.

The exterior of these carriages is painted in green and gold. The saloon-car is richer than all the others. The panels of the doors are embellished with the arms of the Emperor. The smaller panels, under the mirrors, contain a medallion with a golden bee, and arabesques of gold and foliage. At the corners the ornaments are of gilded bronze.

The door handles, the bronze sconces which support the lanterns, the threads of gilded bronze, all combine to form a whole, which is elegant and magnificent. The train is entered by the terrace-car, to which is attached an immovable staircase, or by the saloon-car, to which is attached a sliding or movable stairway.

As the road from Chalons to the camp presents numerous turns and a small radius, they have applied to this train the vertebrated or jointed system of Arnoux, already proved on the Sceaux road, and which will doubtless be adopted by all companies when the inventor's privileges shall have expired,

BALTIMORE ROWDIES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

Our large cities are becoming terribly famous for "rowdyism," the result of a class of individuals nowhere else to be found generated except by free institutions. Rowdies are the result of the abuse of liberty, joined with the easy procurement of the necessities of life, for although they are the idlest vagabonds in existence, still they are well fed, and are never afraid of wanting food and raiment. American rowdyism is assuming a fearful prominence, and its disciples are almost daily increasing in boldness and in the fearful display of crime; in fact they have inaugurated outrages heretofore unknown in the annals of wickedness, and have become habitually guilty of acts against women that have no parallels for barbarity in all the dark deeds of the world. Their influence is rapidly increasing, and they have already become a perfect governing arm in our elections, having absolute control of a majority of our municipal officers, and openly dividing among themselves the rewards of office. It takes no prophet to determine the result; they must either be put down by the public opinion of the people, or eventually drive our institutions into despotism. Things cannot go on for ever as they now exist.

A friend who possesses in an eminent degree the power to sketch character with the pencil, has sent us two portraits of the rowdy peculiar to our neighboring city of Baltimore. While they will be recognized as belonging to the general type, it is easy

of murdering white men by this means. Family avarice or jealousy is the usual motive. Yet the darkest element in the picture is the tragic mania that characterizes the mourning for a chieftain's wife, not such a deliberate slaughter as in Dahomy, nevertheless horrible and indiscriminate. After the death of the Zulu King Tshaka's mother, 60,000 people congregated. The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Tshaka in the centre, and sang a war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Tshaka ordered several men to be executed; and the cries became more violent than ever. No further orders were needed; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those who were found near the river panting for water—were beaten to death by others who were mad with excitement. Towards the afternoon I calculated that not



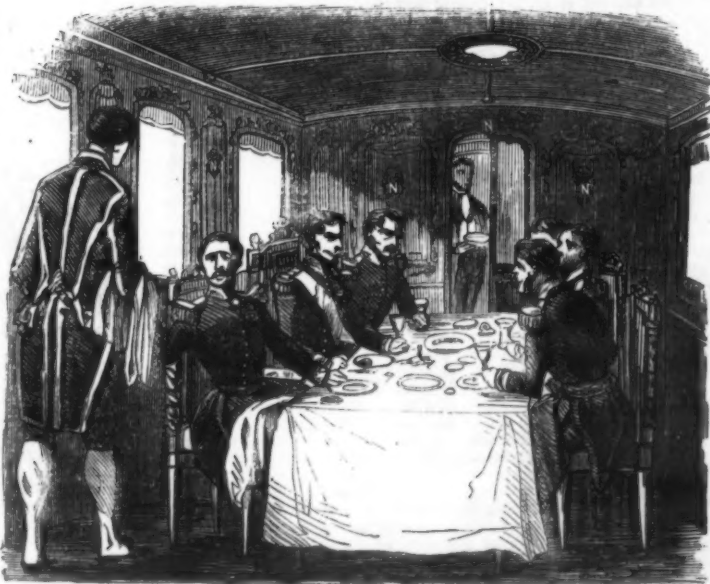
INTERIOR OF THE SLEEPING CHAMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL TRAIN.

to be seen that they far surpass the New York rowdy in the consciousness of a firm and acknowledged position, and have also abandoned the use of clubs and slung shot for the defiant musket. In Baltimore a row is carried on by the burning of powder and the shedding of blood by bullet wounds; in other cities, up to date, men are only killed with cart rungs, paving stones, or stamped to death. No concealments are longer necessary; these ruffians everywhere are known and respected by the police, and are generally in the pay of politicians who occupy high social and political positions. As we have already suggested, society cannot exist with such a class existing among it. Sooner or later rowdyism will overturn our institutions, or must itself be overturned. The struggle will surely come, and the fear is that the respectable, law-abiding people, as in France, will prefer to have peace and security under a despotic government, to liberty that is constantly tending to licentiousness.

STRANGE HABITS OF THE KAFFIRS.—The younger girls, when married, have to suffer the jealousy of their colleagues and rivals, the elder wives having been known to hang or flog to death a younger one. In the following instance a wife was killed by her husband's brother. A wealthy man, having lost one of his wives, was assured by the prophet that she had been poisoned by a wife of his brother. That person was of a different opinion, and attributed her death to the anger of the spirits. Sumali was therefore spared, but afterwards, when another wife died, suspicion again fell on her, and the bereaved husband determined that she should be slain. Accompanied by some of his people, he went to his brother's kraal and announced his determination to kill the alleged "evil-doer." Her husband wept, for she was a favorite; and his mother advised him to resist. He was afraid to do so; his wife had been accused by the prophet, he was a poor man, he was dependent on his brother, and thought it best to submit. Sumali, knowing that her fate was inevitable, had put on her dancing-dress and ornaments, and was told to accompany her executioners to the bush. She now kissed her children; and, taking up the youngest, requested in vain that it might be killed with her. The child having been forcibly removed from her arms, she was led out of the kraal and strangled. I could cite a number of cases illustrative of the fact that poisoning is a frequent crime among the Kaffirs. They are supposed to be acquainted with the qualities of strychnine; the soil yields a variety of deadly roots; almost every kraal, according to one authority, has its poison-matter; but they are not in the habit

fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful indiscriminate massacre. Ten of the best-looking girls were buried alive. The murderous frenzy lasted a fortnight. Animals had their galls ripped out, and were left to die in agonies.

CUNNING AS A FOX.—The Dumfries (Scotland) Courier says a gentleman in the Highlands sent the editor of that paper the following note:—"A gamekeeper on the estate near Lochawe, who had been annoyed by the depredations of foxes, discovered a kennel in the glen at the side of a small loch. While watching one evening for the appearance of the tenants, he observed a brace of wild ducks floating on the loch. In a little while a fox was seen approaching the water side with cautious steps; on reaching it, he picked up a bunch of heather and placed it in his mouth, so as to cover his head; then slipping into the water, and immersing all but his nose, floated down to where the birds were quacking out delight in fancied security, seeing nothing near them but a bunch of weed. In due time he neared the ducks, dropped the heather and seized a duck, with which he returned to the loch side, and was making off to his young with the prize, when the keeper, who had noted all his movements, closed them by the discharge of a double-barrel. Surely such sagacity deserved a better fate."



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE IMPERIAL TRAIN.

MAGNIFICENT RAILWAY TRAIN BUILT FOR THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE BY THE EASTERN COMPANY.

In No. 101 we gave an elaborate description of the magnificent railway train recently presented to Louis Napoleon by the Eastern Company. We now have the satisfaction of giving pictures illustrative of the train, these movable palaces surpassing, in luxury and *recherché* adornments of the highest order, all that imagination can conceive of elegance and comfort.

This train consists of eight carriages, disposed in the following order, with a complete communication extending through. A baggage-car, two first-class carriages for the suite of the Emperor, a saloon-car for refreshments, a terrace-car for the promenade and for smoking, a chamber-car to enable the weary to recline, a first-class car for the ladies of the Empress, and another baggage-car complete the list. These carriages have been constructed

FREEDOM.

Oh, Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong,
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine.

THRILLING INCIDENTS FOUNDED ON FACT.

No. 4.—HASSAN, THE HONEST BAKER.

We are accustomed to flatter ourselves that we belong to one of the most civilized nations on the face of the habitable globe; we are taught to look upon our laws as examples of enlightened legislation, yet in some respects we are put to shame by many nations of the dark semi-barbarous East. For, though we in a measure condemn the severity of their punishments, we cannot but commend the infliction of some penalty, and that, too, of no mere trivial character, for the commission of the offence I am about to enumerate.

In Grand Cairo, for instance, if a baker sell short weight, or adulterate the materials from which his bread is made, and the crime is brought home to him by the inquisitors, who daily go about in various quaint disguises, to inspect provisions and examine weights and measures; for the first offence the officers at once distribute all the bread that they can find in his shop to the poor, and the offender is then nailed to his own door, sometimes by one ear and sometimes by both, for the space of twelve hours. For the second offence his bread is distributed as aforesaid, and he receives the punishment of the bastinado by having inflicted two and even three hundred blows upon his feet, and afterwards a large broad board is placed upon his shoulders, with an opening for the head to pass through, and on and around this board are placed heavy masses of lead; and loaded down with this mark of infamy, he is forced to walk through the principal streets of the city until his strength is exhausted; and should he survive this punishment, and have the hardihood to commit a third offence, he is instantly condemned to death, and beheaded in the public square.

To different occupations belong different punishments. If a butcher serve short weight to his customers, or furnish them meat unfit for the table, for the first offence his stock, provided it be at all fit to be consumed, is divided among the poor, and he is tied to a post where the rays of the sun may rest all day upon his head, besides which he is sentenced to pay a sum of money; for the second offence he undergoes still more severe corporeal punishment, and for the third suffers the death penalty.

Thieves and housebreakers are also kept in wholesome awe, for taken in the act, or frequently even on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery, they are put to the torture, and then beheaded. When a pickpocket or street thief is taken, he is at once put to death without any formal trial; but a housebreaker is placed nearly naked upon a camel, with his hands and legs firmly fastened, while behind him rides the executioner, carrying in his hands three candles made of brimstone. The camel is with its burden conducted through the principal streets, and in the meantime the executioner having lighted the candles, fastens them upon the prisoner's body, and they being very long hang down over his shoulders, on his breast and back, burning from the bottom upwards. In this manner the unfortunate criminal is slowly roasted alive, not, however, unto death; the candles are nicely arranged to burn just long enough not to reach a vital part, and when they are entirely consumed the victim is carried into a square called Karamaitan, or the Black Square, where all criminals who suffer the extremity of the law are beheaded, and there his agonies are ended by the axe, and his excoriated body cast outside the city walls to be devoured by the dogs.

One would suppose that where the penalties of a violation of the law are so terrible and so rigidly enforced, that crimes would be but few. Such, however, is the depravity of the lower classes that on the contrary they are very numerous, and the consequence is that executions are by no means unfrequent in the city of Grand Cairo; nor is it the guilty only who suffer, as the story I am about to relate concerning one Hassan, the baker, will abundantly prove.

Hassan was noted throughout the city of Grand Cairo as a man of the most unsullied honesty; his word was considered as good as most men's bonds; and his bread was the finest, the whitest and the most delicious that could be obtained in the entire city. The consequence was that while other bakeries lan-



HASSAN, THE HONEST BAKER.

guished for want of custom Hassan's shop was filled with purchasers almost all the time, from sunrise to sunset, and he was rapidly accumulating a comfortable fortune.

This success as a matter of course made him an object of envy to all other bakers, but so firmly grounded was his popularity that it was a long time before any of his rivals dreamed even of seeking his overthrow.

At length, however, a baker named Caled, whose reputation for making his bread and cakes just as bad as he could, and escape punishment, was as extended as Hassan's for the excellence of his articles, made up his mind that this state of things should continue no longer, and either his rival should perish, or he himself would die in the attempt to accomplish his downfall. This feeling of hatred on the part of Caled was not, however, altogether owing to Hassan's success in trade, though that was a very bitter pill for him to swallow; but was likewise increased in consequence of his having been a disappointed suitor for the hand of Hassan's daughter. Before proceeding further let me tell you that the worthy baker Hassan had but this one daughter—no other child—and as she was not only very beautiful, but was supposed to possess the secret whereby her father produced such fine white bread, the offers for her hand were very numerous and very urgent. She however, so great was the respect and love she entertained for her father, would listen to no proposition to change her estate, and declining all offers with firmness but kindness, remained contented and happy in Hassan's abode. To Caled's suit she expressed herself particularly averse, and it was doubtless owing to her undisguised dislike that he first began to revolve in his tortuous and dark mind schemes for her father's destruction.

It took him some time to perfect his vile purpose, for he was obliged to manufacture in secret a set of weights and false measures; and this accomplished, the next difficulty that presented itself was how to place them in Hassan's shop without his knowledge, and at such an hour that they would be certain to be discovered by the inquisitors when they went their rounds.

After deliberating upon and rejecting a number of devices, he hit upon the following, which he immediately concluded to adopt: Having first obtained a large bundle of straw and other inflammable substances, he heaped them in a pile quite near the rear part of Hassan's shop, and, then just before the hour at which the inquisitors were likely to pass through the street, he set fire to the pile, which at once blazed up furiously. Just as he anticipated, both Hassan and his daughter rushed forth in great alarm to learn the cause of this sudden conflagration. The instant they left the shop Caled, who was watching near, passed unobserved into the empty shop, and in an instant had removed all the honest weights and measures, and substituted the false ones he had prepared. He had barely time to accomplish his work and make good his escape before Hassan and his daughter, laughing heartily at the trifle that had caused them such alarm, returned to the shop, and just as they re-entered, who should come along but the inquisitors. Pretending, as they always did, to be customers, they demanded a pound of bread and a measure of flour, and the unsuspecting Hassan proceeded to supply their wants; but almost instantly the practised eye of the chief of the inquisition discovered the falsity of both weights and measures.

Throwing off their disguise they at once seized Hassan, at the same time proclaiming aloud the offence he had committed. In vain he protested his innocence; the proof of guilt was before their eyes. In vain he begged of them to call to mind that he had for years been known as Hassan the Honest; that, they asserted, only made the crime more heinous, as it was only taking a mean advantage of the universal confidence reposed in him; and in spite of all his protestations and his daughter's tears, they forthwith turned the contents of his shop into the street, and having bound him hand and foot, nailed him ignominiously by both ears to his own door.

Perceiving how utterly useless both tears and entreaties proved, the baker's daughter set herself to consider who could have been the author of this deceit that had been practised upon her father, and it was not many moments before the conviction settled upon her mind that it was no other than Caled. She remembered distinctly having seen him lurking near when she rushed out alarmed at the fire, and putting this and that together, she was firmly convinced that it was to him they owed the misery that had overtaken them.

Whispering her father to be of good cheer, she gathered her shawl around her, and having sought out the inquisitors, besought them so earnestly to accompany her in order that she might prove her father's innocence, that they at last consented. With



SIR WM. GORE OUSELEY, K.C.B., SPECIAL MINISTER TO CENTRAL AMERICA. SEE PAGE 414.

a light step she led the way to Caled's abode, and having stationed the inquisition in such a position that though unseen they could see and hear all that passed, she herself rushed in, and to their utter amazement threw herself at once into Caled's arms, and commenced heaping upon him the most endearing epithets. She assured him that she had always loved him, and only her father's stern command had kept her from becoming his wife. "How kind and thoughtful it was of you, dear Caled," she said, "to hit upon this plan to bring him to disgrace, and free me from the prison he kept me in. You need not deny," she continued, "that it was your act, for I myself saw you standing hard by when that fire broke forth."

Completely deceived by her earnest manner, and delighted beyond bounds that this beautiful creature had herself sought his arms, the wretch at once confessed all, thinking thereby to win a double hold upon her affections. How astounded he was then may be easier imagined than described, when instead of continuing her caresses she broke violently from his embrace, and giving a preconcerted signal threw open the door and disclosed the inquisitors. Perceiving at a glance that he had been duped, Caled endeavored to effect his escape; but it was too late, he was seized, firmly bound, and followed by the howling populace, who soon caught up the story of his infamy, and was borne into the presence of the man he had so deeply wronged.

Hassan of course was instantly liberated from his disagreeable and painful position, and although he did his utmost to preserve the wretched Caled from his fall, his intercession was of no avail, for after being subjected to every torture and indignity he was beheaded the same day, in the square Karamaitan.

The story of the honest Hassan's suffering, and the manner in which his innocence was established by his devoted daughter, soon spread far and wide, and everything that kindness and sympathy could do to cause them to forget their trials was done by the entire community. A public subscription was taken up to replace his confiscated stock, and so ample were the returns that those having it in charge purchased an entire new store, and presented it to the enraptured baker and his daughter, so that after all his punishment for a crime he did not commit, as it could bring no disgrace, proved a benefit; and in commemoration Hassan caused to be made a pair of gold rings, which he wore in the holes in his ears, formed when he was nailed to his own door.



A BALTIMORE "PLUG UGLY."

A BALTIMORE "BLOOD TUB."

SKETCHED FROM LIFE AT THE RECENT ELECTION.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

She is lovely as the morning of a cloudless summer day,
Her voice is like the music which the fabled sirens play,
And the light touch of her finger has a magic in its thrill;
But the mind and heart have qualities more captivating still.

He has twined the floral chaplet to grace her farian brow,
He knows that to her beauty many captive hearts will bow,
And a throb of painful pleasure runs coldly through his frame,
With a feeling for which language has never found a name.

He has touched a chord of music which wakes forgotten dreams—
Of the past, and all its treasured hopes, borne on pellucid streams;
But the present is a chaos, he is lost in utter night;
How he grieves in secret sorrow that his eyes are dead to light!

"Like a planet among stars, she will shine among the throng,
Be worshipped by the beautiful, be idolized in song,
While hope and joy incarnadine the velvet of her cheek!"—
The blind man's heart is bursting with the woe it may not speak.

She is standing by the mourner, with the roses in her hair;
She is gazing on his features, which betray the soul's despair;
The quick wit of her nature reads the secret on his face;
And the angel soul within her sheds a glory round the place.

She takes the garland from her brow and lays it at his feet;
She whispers him in accents like the breath of evening sweet—
"The light of gladness from the hall of festive life is flown,
When I think of thee so helpless, left in sorrow and alone."

Adieu to all light pleasures, they cannot yield me joy
Which a thought of thy seclusion would not utterly destroy;
I've but one wish remaining, but one object of my life—
To tend thee, watch thee, love thee; thy comforter, thy wife."

Resigning all youth's freedom for a deep impassioned duty,
A halo of celestial light adorned her brow of beauty,
There are mysteries in being, full of marvel, as in death;
And a magic spell was woven in that blind enthusiast's wreath.

SIR W. G. OUSELEY, K.C.B., SPECIAL MINISTER TO CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE Central American question has long been the opprobrium of modern diplomacy; England has been ambitious of obtaining a foothold on the coast, but has been afraid of American public opinion, though ever holding in contempt, we doubt not, our officials at Washington—for every cabinet that has interested itself in the subject has blundered—but England and the "greasers" have continued to treat the rights of our citizens, whenever it suited their purposes, with edifying contempt. England now seems desirous, after mature consideration, to have the vexed question settled, and has had to select a person who combined the highest abilities with unexceptionable antecedents; and this man is Sir W. Gore Ouseley. He is a gentleman of enlarged experience, conciliatory manners, and is connected with a numerous family, all more or less distinguished for abilities of the highest order.

As early as the year 1817 he became attached to the mission at Stockholm, and in 1825 was in Washington. He next became Acting-Secretary of Legation at Brussels; then at Rio Janeiro, at which court he resided several years. In 1844 he was Plenipotentiary at Buenos Ayres, and the succeeding year Special Minister to the States of La Plata. For his services during his Platine mission he received the Order of the Bath. He is the author of several pamphlets in connection with the social and political condition of the United States, and has been for a long time on intimate personal relations with President Buchanan.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that Sir William is attached to this country by ties that must always be respected, his wife being the daughter of the late Judge Van Ness, formerly Governor of Vermont, and subsequently Envoy of the United States at Madrid. This estimable lady he married in Washington in 1829. On Saturday, the 31st October, he sailed for the United States, accompanied by Lady Ouseley, and, on his arrival at Washington, he was immediately closeted with Lord Napier; on the succeeding day he paid his respects to the President and the Secretary of State. In honor of Sir William's arrival, Lord Napier gave a grand *soirée musicale*, which was one of the most brilliant social gatherings that has ever distinguished Washington society.

THE JEALOUS FLUTE PLAYER.

MR. CESAR ORPHEUS was one of that not rare class of our fellow citizens known to their wives as jealous husbands. He was a man of means and leisure, and divided his time nearly equally between watching his wife and playing on the flute. He, perhaps, inherited a passion for music, and wished to seem worthy of his Pagan name; but, be this as it may, he was assiduous in his attentions to the flute, and though he was a very poor player, kept his mouth and fingers going upon it with such inveteracy as greatly to disturb the nerves of Mrs. Orpheus and the peace of the neighbors. So she often scolded him for a bore.

"That's the way, Harriet! Whenever I try to take a little comfort, you are miserable. My flute is my friend, and therefore you hate it. Can't you let me have this little relief in the midst of the wretchedness you cause me?"

"You are the cause of your own unhappiness, by your unfounded suspicions. I am sorry I ever gave up my maiden name to become the wife of an Orpheus. And then to be disturbed by such music!"

"Let me alone, woman, and let me toot!"

"You don't know how to toot. You ought to have a tutor," replied she.

"Pity your mother hadn't tutored you in the way that you should go. Then I should have had a good, steady, constant wife, and not been driven to melancholy and despair."

And he went on playing, regardless of the wry face that she made.

"I declare I see no end to this double torture," she exclaimed. "Nothing but flattery and reproach, from one week's end to another."

"Am I not a good husband, ma'am?"

"No, you are not! You don't place any confidence in me!"

"You don't have to labor, Harriet."

"I do labor—under your jealousy. I mean to go and consult Mrs. Sly, the fortune teller, and see if she can't see anything better for me in the future."

"Fortune teller! pshaw! humbug! Better consult your conscience. You'll get little satisfaction from either, though."

"As much as you'll get from that horrid flute!" retorted Mrs. Orpheus, rushing to the glass to see if rage had much distorted her really beautiful visage.

"I shall go and see her this afternoon, at four o'clock, if I'm alive," she added, arranging her curls coquettishly. "I'm anxious to know what's going to become of me."

"I can tell you that—going to ruin as fast as possible, Mrs. Orpheus. And I'd like to know what you are going to do?"

"Ugh! Nobody cares for you, you ugly creature," replied his wife, twitching her elbows in a huff, and bounding out of the room.

Orpheus for a while kept on fluting, with his legs crossed, when suddenly he started up.

"A happy thought—a very happy thought! I'll find out all I can; I've a right to do it. I'll see Mrs. Sly beforehand, and put her on the right track. These fortune tellers will do and say anything for money. I'll bribe her; and my wife, who is goose enough to believe in such things, will doubtless tell her enough to give me a clue to her real doings—perhaps say enough to justify a divorce! Who knows?"

This question was apparently put to the flute and the surrounding furniture; but they made no answer, and Mr. Orpheus soon after repaired to the house of Mrs. Sly.

She was an elderly lady, with a great globe of a forehead, and a very long nose, which seemed sharpened for the express purpose of piercing into the future. She had a pair of those hawklike, derisive looking eyes which belong to double dealers, and aid them in seeing the soft side of other people, and taking advantage of it. She picked up a tolerable living, at half a crown a time, from the miscellaneous stream of credulous humanity which glided by chance over her threshold; and perhaps this encouraged her to invest so largely in the article of snuff, in the use of which, like Napoleon, she was both profuse and dirty.

"You are the fortune teller, I presume?" said Mr. Orpheus, brushing up his hair, as he took a seat before her.

"I am, sir," replied the prophetess, solemnly. "The divine gift vouchsafed to the chosen seers of old, has been given to me, to direct the unwary, to enlighten the blind, and to encourage the desponding."

"At half a crown a head," said Orpheus, interrupting her, "isn't it?"

She looked grave for a moment, at the irreverent interruption; but seeing that her visitor was disposed to be matter of fact, she softened down her assumed austerity, and replied,

"That is the regular price, though we make a discount for families."

"If? Are there more than one of you?"

"No," said Mrs. Sly, smiling at the question, "I use the term *se* in common with royalty and the editors."

"And you have a perfect right to do so, considering your extraordinary gift, and the fact that, when you speak, you speak not only for yourself, but also for the Fates—and for the Furies, too, for what I know!"

Mrs. Sly could not help laughing outright at Mr. Orpheus's language, and remarked—

"You are correct, Mr. Orpheus, and inclined to be comical."

"Comical? Not at all, ma'am, just the reverse. And now I'll let you into the secret of my visit; and, if you will be faithful to me, I will pay you two guineas. My wife is coming here this afternoon to ask you to tell her fortune. You usually ask questions as well as answer them, I believe?"

"I do," said Mrs. Sly.

"Ask as many as you can—get all the information you can from her, regarding her feelings, and affections, and intentions."

"Ah! I see. You are jealous of her," interrupted Mrs. Sly, holding up her forefinger.

"And as she is credulous—else she wouldn't come to you—you may be able to get information from her which will be of use to me."

"I will do so," replied the fortune teller. "And you wish to overhear all that is said?"

"Certainly. Put me where I can hear, and I shall be satisfied. Don't you think it's a happy thought of mine?"

"Very; you must be in a happy mood," said Mrs. Sly, with some sarcasm. "But perhaps what she tells will not be worth knowing?"

"I'll run the risk, if you pump her well, my dear ma'am. Where shall I hide?"

"Here," said the fortune teller, pointing to a seat behind a sort of veiled counter, where she sat on a high stool, when telling the destinies of her foolish visitors. "These curtains, when parted, will reveal me, but conceal you, and you can suggest whatever questions you wish, and I will ask her."

"And I will pay you two guineas," said the excited Orpheus; and after some further explanation of his jealousy, the bell rang, and Mrs. Sly went down to the door, and the husband concealed himself. Soon afterwards Mrs. Sly came into the room with Mrs. Orpheus, who put off her shawl and bonnet, took a seat, and, after a short conversation, Mrs. Sly mounted her stool behind the counter, put aside the curtains, and displayed to Mrs. Orpheus's gaze a formidable array of globes, charts, hour glasses, telescopes, cards, and other mystic symbols of her science.

"Advance and let me examine your hand," said the fortune teller, in a stern voice.

Mrs. Orpheus obeyed, and the examination was made, Orpheus, from his veiled corner, having a view of all.

"You are a married woman."

"You—O dear!" said Mrs. Orpheus, with a sigh, sinking into her seat.

"You were born under a lucky star, but the conflict of the spheres has been such as to jostle your equilibrium, and partially extinguish your natural brilliancy."

"True, very true," groaned Mrs. Orpheus. "My odious husband!"

"What a fool she is to be sure," muttered the enraged husband, in his hiding place.

"You must tell me of what you intend to do, that I may see if you are more under the guidance of your natural or unnatural influences at present," said the fortune teller.

"Natural enough—for a jade of a wife who wants everybody to fall in love with her," sneered Orpheus.

"Silence! She will overhear you," remonstrated Mrs. Sly, in a whisper.

"I am in love with another!" said the wife, faintly.

"That's what you have done. I ask what you intend to do," said the prophetess.

"To elope with him."

"With whom?"

"Now for his name!" thought Orpheus, laying his ears back to hear more distinctly.

There was a brief pause.

"I am telling you in confidence," said the wife.

"You may trust me," said Mrs. Sly, loftily.

"His name is John Featherstone," said the wife, putting her handkerchief to her face and sobbing.

"Do not weep, my child," said the fortune teller, touching the concealed husband with her foot. "It is the best thing you can do. The man is the star with which your own assimilates, as I perceive at once by consulting the heavenly signs. When do you intend to go, and how?"

"She must be a natural fool if she tells that," muttered Orpheus; "but there's no knowing what the creatures won't do, when a fortune teller gets hold of them."

"In a carriage, this evening, at nine o'clock," said Mrs. Orpheus. "My husband, the brute, will be at the club, as usual, and Featherstone and I are to ride off to Grantown together."

"Are you, though?" thought the husband. "Maybe something might interfere with that nice little plan! Of all fools under the sun, female fools are the silliest, I do believe. Perhaps I won't be round about that time to-night! Oh! perhaps not."

"I see a comet in the line of the two stars," said the fortune teller, consulting a map. "This signifies that you will go off in a carriage and that your steps will be prosperous. You have decided wisely, Mrs. Orpheus. Henceforth your destiny will be a happy one."

"Shall I have any children?" asked Mrs. Orpheus, in a tone of voice that seemed to show that she was brightening up at the intelligence.

"I guess not," said Mrs. Sly, putting aside her maps, "as I see no shooting stars along the route. The sky is clear and cloudless."

"That's about all I wished to know," said the wife, rising, resuming her bonnet and shawl, and paying the price. "Good afternoon, madam. If everything turns out right, and my husband should die in the meantime, I will pay you handsomely when I return this way, some day."

And she took her leave.

"When she returns this way some day!" exclaimed Orpheus, starting up as soon as she had gone. "That's cool—that is. Whew! I'm all in a perspiration. There's your two guineas, ma'am. Got more'n my money's worth. I'm perfectly satisfied. Going to elope, is she?" continued he, in great agitation, striding the apartment. "I thought something was in the wind. John Featherstone! who the deuce is John Featherstone? But never mind, ma'am. Keep it a secret. I'll put a stop to this business in a way they little think. Good bye—I'm in a hurry!"

That evening, at a few minutes before nine, a carriage containing one passenger, enveloped in a huge cloak, stopped at the front door of Mr. Orpheus's residence, and immediately afterwards a woman, also closely muffled, came hastily out, and entered the vehicle, and it was at once driven rapidly away to Grantown, the driver having had previous directions.

As the reader may conjecture, the male passenger was no other than Mr. Orpheus. He had inquired at a neighboring stable, and ascertained that a carriage had there been ordered for his house at nine precisely; the gentleman who ordered it being to enter at the stable, and ride to the house, from which a lady was to accompany him to the town mentioned. Orpheus altered the time to fifteen minutes before nine, and ordered the carriage for himself, thus taking the stranger's place, whoever he might be.

Away rolled the carriage out of the city, and over the rural roads, neither of the parties inside speaking a word to each other.

"My wife," thought Orpheus, under his cloak, "is too much agitated at the thought of her great crime. She cannot speak. No wonder! How amazed she will be when we get to the hotel in Grantown, and she finds that I am not her paramour Featherstone, but her lawful husband Orpheus. My vengeance will be complete. What a happy thought that was of mine!"

At last the carriage reached Grantown, and they drove up to the hotel. Orpheus alighted, whispered to the driver to wait, assisted his companion out, and they entered a private room together, where, shutting the door, with rapidly beating heart, the husband threw off his disguise.

"Behold me, Harriet!" he exclaimed, as she sat with her back towards him, and her face still covered with her handkerchief. "Faithless wife! This is I, and not the villain Featherstone!" And he struck what was intended to be a very effective tragic attitude, but caused his figure to represent, as nearly as possible, the letter X.

Yet, instead of astonishing, he was himself astonished at that moment, for the woman rose, uncovered her face, and disclosed to his mortified view the features, not of his wife, but his chambermaid, Miss Cornelia Brown.

A long whistle of wonder and perplexity escaped the staring Orpheus, after which Cornelia, recovering from a fit of laughter as well as she could, announced that the fortune teller had deceived him.

"She told your wife what to say, before she went up stairs, and so put you on the wrong track—and she bribed me to get into the carriage."

"How did she know I was coming in?"

"It was all arranged with the stable keeper."

"There is no such man as Featherstone, then?"

"O yes, sir," said Cornelia, gravely. "She said there was such a man, but that's not his name. Another carriage, from another stable, was to come for him and Mrs. Orpheus, as soon as we were out of the way. I suppose they've both got off, long before this time."

"Eloped!—do you mean?" asked Orpheus, aghast, seizing Cornelia by the shoulder.

"No less," said the servant, beginning to be alarmed at his aspect.

"Then—here—get into the carriage—quick! Waiter, take your pay—no time to be lost—get in! Coachman, drive like lightning back to the city—your Jezabel! I'll have you indicted for bigamy, I'll have her apprehended for bigamy, and him for—and you for—O dear!"

With frantic expressions like these, he forced the girl into the carriage, seated himself, and fell back in a half insensible condition; while the horses, put to the top of their speed, bore them back to the house again, a drive of seven or eight miles.

"I'm going in to get a glass—no, a bottle of wine to steady my nerves," said he to the driver, as he alighted and ran up his door-steps; "and then I want you to drive me to the police station."

And he thrust open his door and rushed up to the parlor, expecting, of course, to find it empty. But here a new astonishment was ready for him. It appeared to him in no other shape than that of his wife, whom he had imagined far away at this time!

"Forgive me, dear Caesar!" she exclaimed, rushing to him and throwing her white arms around his neck, while her bright eyes looked with imploring beauty into his.

"Never!" said he, endeavoring to counterfeit anger, while the tears of joy that fell from his eyes belied his words. "It is unpardonable."

"But you were so jealous!" pleaded she.

"A pretty wild goose chase you have led me," said he, coloring up, as Cornelia entered. "I'm a laughing stock."

"Perhaps you would have been, had I been as faithless as you supposed," said she, giving him such a kiss as melted him down completely. "I ought to be jealous, not you; for have not you just eloped with a young woman? Pshaw! But I forgive you, on condition that you will never do so again, and make me perfectly happy by being jealous no more."

"Agreed, by thunder!" cried Mr. Orpheus, quite overwhelmed with emotion. "I have acted like a fool all along, and I have just been served thus. Jealousy, avant! Cornelia, the wine."

And this was the winding up of the affair.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CHESS IN BROOKLYN.

THE lovers of Chess in our sister city of Brooklyn will be pleased to learn that Mr. T. Frère, the Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club, has made arrangements with Mr. Louis Grauteguin, for the accommodation of the Club, at his rooms, No. 130 Atlantic street, south-east corner of Henry (basement), where the Club will meet every evening during the winter. The finest Club boards and men, similar to those used at the late National Chess Congress, have been provided. In order that all may partake of the enjoyment of our "royal game" without feeling it to be an extravagance, these hard times, the annual subscription has been reduced to two dollars, being barely sufficient to pay the cost of boards and men. Subscriptions to be paid to the Secretary. New York players and strangers will always meet with a cordial welcome.

* Solutions of our last correctly sent in by the following correspondents: "Tyro," H. L. H., of Brooklyn; J. B. S., of Newburgh; "Albanian," and G. W. B., of Waterbury.

ARKANSAS.—You will be pleased to know that we have already seen Mr. P.—y, to whom we presented your compliments. We have not as yet met with Mr. M.—h-e. Thanks for your problem. Will make its appearance at an early day.

JACOB ELSON.—We have spoken to the editor of the *Monthly*. Perhaps in the December number.

CHESS, Baltimore, Md.—The games played at the late Congress will appear in book form, in the early part of next spring.

J. H. M.—You deserve much praise for your first attempts. We reserve one for a future number.

J. D., Portland.—Your concoction, if an odd one, is quite ingenious. We will use our endeavors to present it to our Chess loving friends as early as possible.

T. M. B.—We acknowledge the compliment, for it is one of the most ingenious solutions that we have ever seen. We agree with you as regards sub-mates—contrary to the opinion of many players notwithstanding, for they are beautiful when well made; in fact all is pretty at Chess. Who will deny that? We will endeavor to procure the solution alluded to.

TYRO.—Just received your last. Your solution of 102 strictly correct. We regret painfully our last remarks, for we have now the proper clue. It was a *mal-entendu* on our part, and for which we owe you a sincere apology. Your very courteous letter strengthens us in the belief that *notre entente cordiale* could not be well severed.

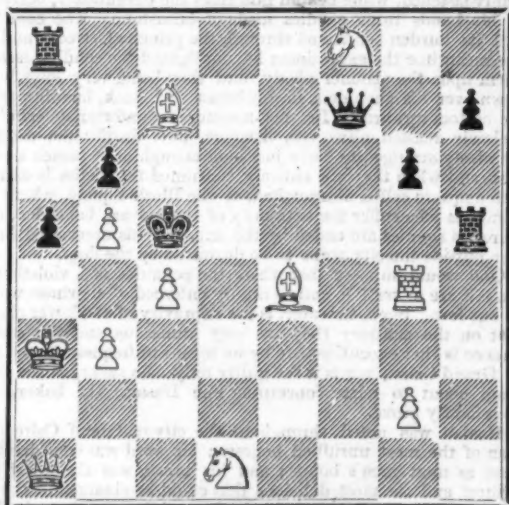
* Jas. Wallwork and E. S. Platt, of Toledo; Junius, of New Haven; Inocognito, Thos. French, C. J. J., Md., and "A Regular Bore," will be duly attended to in our next.

G. W. B., Waterbury.—A specimen of the *Monthly* will be forwarded to your address.

E. A. B., Charleston.—Will be answered in our next. Who is that splendid calligrapher?

PROBLEM CIII.—Dedicated to J. A. P., of Salem, by "Inocognito," of Boston.—White to play and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME CIII.—Lately played at the National Chess Congress, between Messrs. MORPHY and FAULSEN. Time: 2 hours and 55 minutes.

WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	15 Q to K5	B to Q2
2 K Kt to B3	Q Kt to B3	16 R to Q R2 (g)	Q R to K
3 Q Kt to B3 (a)	K Kt to B3	17 P to Q B6 (i)	Q Kt B (j)
4 K B to Q Kt5	K B to Q B4	18 P Kt to K6	R to Kt3 (ch)
5 Castles	Castles	19 K to R	B to K R6
6 Kt Kt K P	R to K (b)	20 R to Q (i)	B to Kt7 (ch)
7 Kt Kt Kt	Q B Kt Kt	21 K to Kt	B Kt B disc (ch)
8 B to Q B4	P to Q Kt4	22 K to B	B to Kt7 (ch)
9 B to K2 (c)	Kt Kt P	23 K to Kt	B to R6 disc (ch) (m)
10 Kt Kt Kt	R Kt Kt	24 K to R	K B Kt P (n)
11 B to K B3	R to K3	25 Q to K B	B Kt Q
12 P to Q B3 (d)	Q to Q6 (e)	26 R Kt B	R to K7
13 P to Q Kt4 (f)	B to Q Kt3	27 R to Q R	R to K R3
14 P to Q R4	P Kt P	28 P to Q4	B to K6 (o) and

White resigned.

NOTES TO GAME CIII.

(a) This sort of *début* seems to be a favorite one with Mr. Faulsen; it is a safe but simply defensive opening. Mr. P.'s style of play is a perfect embodiment of the German school—slow, cautious and solid, but lacking the brilliancy of their more mercurial neighbors, the French.

(b) A far better move than the obvious one of Kt to Kt, in which case White, by pushing P to Q4, would have recovered the piece with a better opened game. The move in the text effectually prevents the advance of P to Q4.

(c) We should have preferred B to Q Kt3, braving the advance of Q R P.

(d) P to Q3 was far preferable. We can safely say that the play, as above given, was the main cause of White's disasters, particularly when contending against such a far-sighted and powerful adversary as Mr. Morphy.

(e) A significant and strong move—crippling White at the outset.

(f) Compulsory. White is striving to relieve himself from the pressure, by opening his game on the Q's side.

(g) With the intention of supporting Q P, and bring the Q B into play.

(h) Having in view the dislodging of Black's Q from her strong position.

(i) Beautiful as unexpected. Mr. Stanley, one of the bystanders, remarked of Mr. M., on his making this seemingly rash move, that he should be confined in a lunatic asylum. Not one present could fathom the meaning of this bold play, until move after move showed to the wonder-struck spectators how accurate had been Mr. M.'s calculations. Just think of this, student—seeing into a dozen moves ahead, with all its attendant variations! I must lose.

(j) No other alternative; his White Majesty is in very straightened circumstances.

(k) All those checks are as full of import as they are skillful.

(l) Now we have the benefit of Mr. M.'s unerring calculations; the White Q is actually forced to place itself en prise to prevent mate.

(o) A masterly finish all through from the 17th move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to Q6	K to Kt6
2 Kt to Q4	K Kt P
3 Kt to K B3 (ch)	K to Kt6
4 B to K6 Mate.	

A BETTER WORLD.—I was clerk in the Post Office, and for several days had noticed a woman coming to the window and asking in vain for a letter for Mary Martin. She was of middle age, and had an honest look; but when she was told, day after day, that no letter was there for her, she turned away with such a sad face, and sometimes with a tear, that I became deeply interested in her visits, and hoped to have a letter soon to lighten her heart. It came at last—indeed, it had been thrown by mistake among the dead letters, and I searched and found it there. I gave it to her, and she tore it open, read a few lines, screamed, and fell to the floor. I stepped out and aided her to rise, and soon learned the brief, sad story. Her only son had gone to London to get work; a letter from him a few weeks ago, had told her that he had found a place, and should send her money soon. This letter was in another hand, and to say that her son had sickened and died—in his last hours talking of his mother, and wishing that he might die on her breast. Her staff and stay were gone. Who can tell the anguish of the mother? He was her only son, and she was a widow. Such scenes as these in the Post Office, in the midst of the business of everyday life and a heartless world, strike on the soul as if there is indeed another world than this of business; and there is but a step out of one into the other; indeed, they often come into contact; as when a mother weeps for a dead son, on the floor where cent. per cent. and the price of stock are more thought of than death or love.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.—A very large and complicated organization would be required to collect the statistics of the habits of the population of London on a Sunday, but an attempt was lately made to throw some light upon the subject by a few gentlemen accustomed to observe and estimate large numbers of people. The outward passenger traffic by the railways appeared to be about as follows:

Great Western.—By the morning trains, 1,900; afternoon trains, 2,400.

South-Western.—By the two early excursion trains, 2,500; parliamentary, 2,800; afternoon trains, 5,000.

London and Brighton, with South-Eastern, North Kent, and other lines at London Bridge.—Morning, 10,500; afternoon, 6,000.

Great Northern.—Morning, 1,500; afternoon, 2,000.

Eastern Counties.—Morning, 1,800; afternoon, 4,500.

North-Western.—Morning, 1,800; afternoon, 1,000.

The steamboats above and below bridge were crowded, and the various public gardens, &c., on the sides of the river were thronged. About 14,000 persons passed down the river, and about 6,000 upwards, beyond the ordinary river traffic. In Greenwich Park there were about 80,000 persons, and Gravesend and Woolwich were also crowded by visitors, estimated at 10,000, including the patrons of Rosherville Gardens, &c. At five o'clock there were nearly 2,000 persons in Cremorne Gardens, and at eight o'clock fully four times that number.

A POOR COUNTRY.—When Ryleef, the most illustrious poet of Russia, was condemned to death on account of his participation in a conspiracy to prevent Nicholas from ascending the throne, the rope broke, and he might have been saved if he would ask pardon, but he refused, saying, "Why, who would live in a country where there is not a rope strong enough to hang a man?" and delivered himself a second time into the hands of the executioner, who speedily finished his work.

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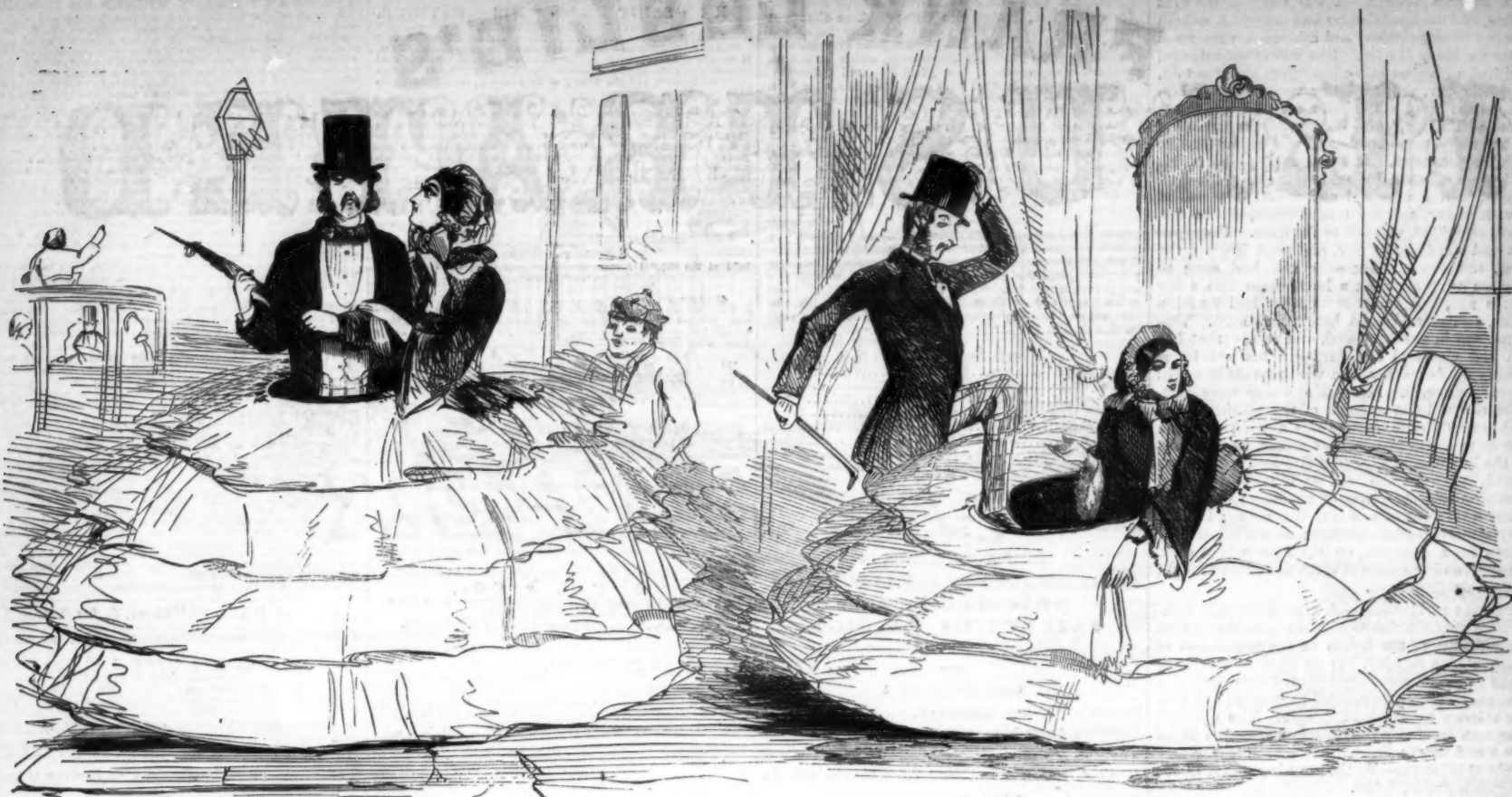
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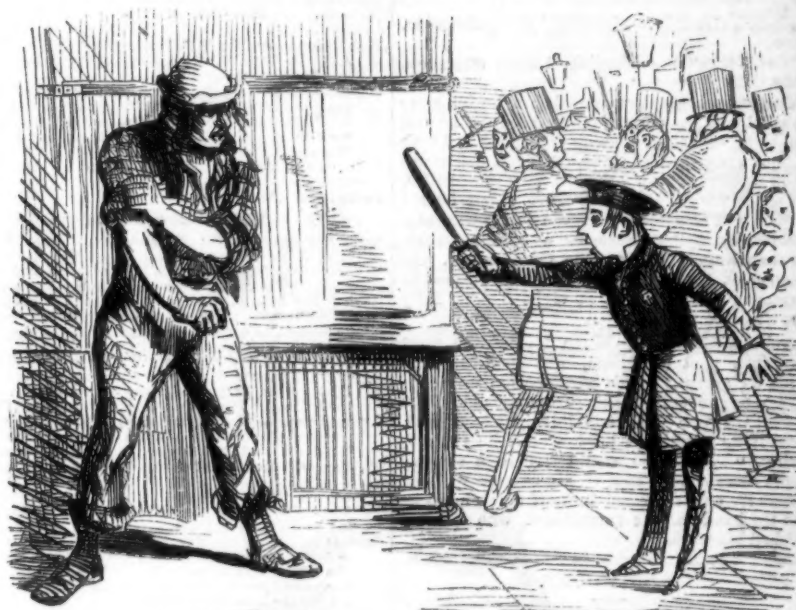
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